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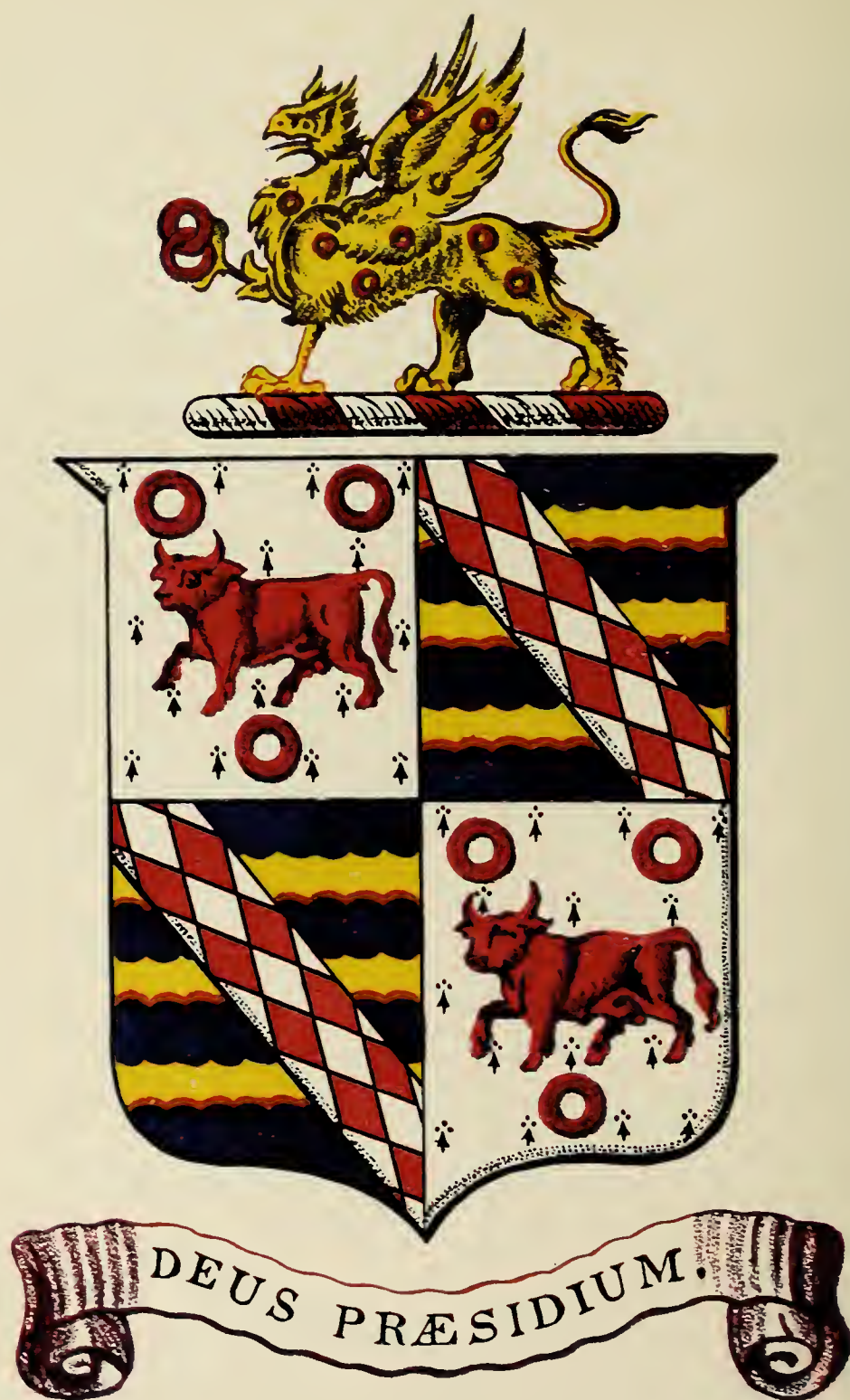
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A HISTORY OF THE BEVAN FAMILY



THE BEVAN COAT-OF-ARMS

A HISTORY OF THE BEVAN FAMILY

BY
AUDREY NONA GAMBLE
(*née* BEVAN)

LONDON
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I DEDICATE THIS BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE

TO MY DEAR FATHER

FRANCIS AUGUSTUS BEVAN

WHO TAUGHT ME TO LOVE AND RESPECT

MY ANCESTORS

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FOREWORD

FOR many years I have carefully collected records regarding the Bevan Family, and at the request of several relations, have now decided to publish them in connected form.

The task has been a labour of love, though not an easy one, owing to the scarcity of the material available, for few letters are extant which throw light on the lives of our forefathers.

This History has no pretension to be either exhaustive or elaborate, and I send it forth in its crudity, knowing that those for whom it is written will not be too critical, and will excuse its shortcomings.

Owing to want of space it has not been found possible to insert detailed pedigrees of the junior branches, but accurate information regarding them is given in Burke's *Landed Gentry*. In order to enable individual members to complete their own family history, I have provided several blank pages at the end of this book.

The object of this Foreword is not so much to apologise for my work, as to tender grateful thanks to all who have given me help. In the first place I wish to acknowledge the courtesy of Frederick J. Hanbury, Esq., who supplied material for the chapter

on "The Plough Court Pharmacy"; the kindness and support of Cosmo Bevan, Esq.; the loan of the "Lee Letters," by David A. Bevan, Esq.; and the encouragement and assistance rendered by my husband in correcting the proofs. I am also indebted to several relations and friends who have helped me in compiling this History, and to one and all I return my best thanks.

These records are the faithful Annals of our Ancestors; the best must always be untold, but some side of life may be touched, and latent interest aroused, and it is in this hope I offer my book to my large circle of kinsfolk.

AUDREY NONA GAMBLE.

Gorse Cottage,
Hook Heath, Woking.

December, 1923.

CHAPTER I

THE BEVANS OF SWANZEY

“ . . . If a Family Chronicle be compiled with care, it should be read with sympathy. All the Characters in this Book once lived and walked the Earth, and by their thoughts and actions influenced the lives of many in our generation ; and every fragment of past life be it concerned with only one family, and a narrow tract of property, has in it the promise of the present and the future.”

ST. LOE STRACHEY.

THE ancient family of Bevan derives its descent from Jestyn-ap-Gwrgant, the last Prince of Glamorgan, who lived at Cardiff Castle about 1030 A.D. The following Pedigree given by Doctor Thomas Nicholas,* a well-known Welsh Historian, may be generally accepted as correct and reliable and was confirmed by Rev. Thomas Evans, who in 1864 made a careful investigation of Registers and Records, instructed by R. C. L. Bevan, Esq., of Trent Park.

1030 A.D.

Jestyn-ap-Gwrgant	=	Angharad, dau. of Elystan, Prince of Feilex.
Caradoc-ap-Jestyn	=	Gwladus, dau. of Gryfdd Tewdur.
Morgan-ap-Caradoc	=	Gwenllian, dau. of Ifor Bach.
Morgan-ap-Morgan	=	Elen, dau. of Howell Fychar.
Rhys-ap-Morgan	=	a dau. of Gryfdd Ifor.
Leyson-ap-Rhys	=	Gwladus, dau. of Howell Fychar.

* *History and Antiquities of Glamorgan.* Thos. Nicholas.

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Evan-ap-Leyson	=	Jennet, dau. of Gwilym-ap-Howell Melyn.
Hopkin-ap-Evan	=	Gwladus, dau. of Jenkyn Fychar.
William-ap-Hopkin	=	Lucy, dau. of Hopkin Lloyd.
Hopkin-ap-William	=	Gwyrfyl, dau. of Jenkin-ap-Jenkin.
David-ap-Hopkin	=	Elen, dau. of Henry Fychar.
Jenkyn-ap-David	=	Mary, dau. of Jenkyn-ap-Rhys.
Thomas-ap-Jenkyn	=	Gwladus, dau. of Leyson-ap-Rhys.
Hopkin-ap-Thomas	=	Angharad, dau. of Thomas Llewelyn.
David-ap-Hopkin	=	Mary, dau. of Evan Llewelyn.
Hopkin-ap-David	=	Siwan, dau. of Rhys Gethin.
Thomas-ap-Hopkins	=	Sarah, dau. of .. Meredith.
William-ap-Thomas	=	Elizabeth, dau. of David Lloyd.
Owen-ap-William	=	Gwenllian, dau. of Rhys-ap-Evan.
Evan-ap-Owen	=	Jennet Morgan.
Jenkin-ap-Evan	=	Elizabeth, dau. of Revd. Peter After.

It was Jenkin-ap-Evan, the last-named on the Roll, who anglicised his Welsh surname into "Bevan," the words Ap-Evan in the original signifying "Son of John," and it is worth remarking that had this change occurred in either of the former generations, we should have inherited either the name of "Bowen,"

or "Williamson" instead of the one with which we are all so familiar.

No particulars can be found concerning this Jenkin Bevan or his wife, though the family of "After" were well represented in Swansea in Elizabethan days, and her father is reputed to have been Vicar of Rhossili, a small village on the promontory of Worm's Head. The registers of Rhossili Church for this period are unfortunately missing, so this tradition cannot be verified, and we must content ourselves with the bare fact that Jenkin and Elizabeth did actually exist, and lived somewhere in Gower during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. Certain Bevans at that time were living at Oxwich Castle, near Swansea, the property of Sir Edward Mansell, but leased to Francis Bevan in 1694, and held by him and his heirs for over two hundred years.

We learn from Davies' *History of West Gower*, that the Bull was the Arms of the Family of Bevan, originally "Ap-Evan" of Oxwich Castle, and that "these Arms were ermine, a Bull passant gules between three annulets of the same, two in chief, one in base."

WILLIAM BEVAN THE QUAKER

We should regard William Bevan (1627-1702), the son of Jenkin and Elizabeth, as the Father of our Family for, emerging from the shadowy past, he takes definite shape and personality, as an Ancestor of whom we may feel justly proud. Researches amongst Quaker documents have brought many new facts to light concerning his life and religious beliefs. Born at Swansea, during the reign of Charles I, he held a good position in that town as a Merchant, and was evidently much respected by his fellow citizens, serving for many years as an Alderman, until on account of his Nonconformity he severed his

connection with the Corporation. He became a Quaker by conviction, influenced no doubt by the preaching of George Fox, the Founder of the Society of Friends, when he visited South Wales and proclaimed his new doctrines.

An interesting document dated Swansea, 1656, narrates that the Meeting House and a large plot of ground surrounding it was given by William Bevan "To the People of God, in scorn called Quakers, to be theirs and their heirs for ever."

The history of the sudden gathering of this remarkable Society, of its rapid formation into a strongly organised body, and of the extraordinary zeal and constancy displayed by its original members is a very impressive one, and we may rejoice that William Bevan elected to throw in his lot with these early Friends. The glory of Quakerism was its simple sincerity, its uncompromising requirements that the Life should bear witness to the Truth, and the readiness of its adherents to suffer and to die for their Faith.

We know that our ancestor was not afraid of his religious opinions, for he carried them into practise by refusing to pay Church Rates and Tithes, for which offence he was imprisoned for two years, and was twice fined £20 for "holding Conventicles."

From the following extract* we may judge him a very brave and gallant gentleman: "For in like manner Margaret and Rebecca Thomas, for bearing their testimony against the ingenuity of those fighting priests at Swanzey, were much abused and imprisoned there, and at length turned out of the Town. And when William Bevan of that place went with his boat and brought them over the Water thither again, he also was imprisoned and put in chains. . . ."

Among the MSS. in possession of the Friends' Meeting at Bristol can be seen the original letter of

* *Sufferings of the Quakers*, Joseph Besse, 1743.

William Bevan written to his friend Mr. Edward Lloyd, a Merchant of Bristol, and permission has kindly been granted for the reproduction of this document, which as far as can be discovered is the oldest letter extant written by any member of our family, the date 1699, in the reign of William III :

“ . . . For Edward Loyd, Mercht in Corne Street, Bristoll, 1699. Via London.

“ To the men and women’s Meeting in Bristoll, for the Men’s Meeting to hear of William Bevan of Swansea.”

“ DEAR FRIENDS,—’Tis now about forty years when your acquaintance was first dear to me, among whom have often beheld that comlyness which more and more engaged my Soul to seek and love the Lord, the author thereof, y^t he might stamp his Image upon me, who was pleased comfortably to apear and unite me nearer and nearer to his People, and raised suplication that as Good Joshua resolved, so I and my house might serve the Lord among you and to the end of my days, and it was to my great satisfaction wⁿ I settled my daughter Mary amongst you, whose care I knew was great over the Church, and I hoped that it would have been her care not to offend the Lord, nor grieve his people at any time, for unto the protection of the one, and the care of the other, I had in my heart recommended her. But now by an unexpected occasion am to acquaint you that I fear she hath some inclination contrary to the order of truth to marry one Richard Dolton, who hath not had comunion among us. I am therefor constrain^d also to acq^t you both to cleare myself and satisfie you y^t there might be no hard thoughts of me. I had no hand in it, but always advised her to observe yo^r Councill, who were as fathers and mothers in

Israell, believing that some among you would be made as Instrumts to effect those things for her y^t might be a comfort to yo^r selves, her and me, both in her Spirituall and temporall affairs, and the experience already had of severall of you confirms the same, so that if she were minded to alter her condition (as indeed I thought there would be no occation for it in her way of trade) your abrobation therein should be mine, and now as my Child is placed among you, and myselfe and others that wish her well being so remote, I desire y^r tender care over her as Nurses over the young generation, hoping the Lord will so extend yo^r adminitions y^t she may keepe her unity wth the Lord and his people—as to the man I can say but little being a stranger, but his Relations have been reputed a sober honest people and tho' he pretends that this acquaintance wth her, and so wth friends declarations and meetings hath brought him to see how falesly Fr^ds were asperst by the black coverings others throw on them, and y^t he is now affected wth truth and the good ord^s of it, but as this seems not to me as yet to be grounded on a sure foundation, I leave you to judge and must still comit her to y^r care and tender love to keepe truth y^rselves and her unspotted from the world, and if she hath alredy apear^d to any of your grieffe I hope she may be restored by your tender gentle leadings, so with dear love I salute you all and remaine your loving friend—

“ W^m BEVAN.”

“ received and delivered to ye meeting
ye 10th of ye 2nd month 1699.

Some references to William Bevan's will, dated January 9th, 1700, and proved at Carmarthen, appear in books and other documents, but despite careful search it cannot be found. He died on December 5th,

1702, aged seventy-five, and was buried in the Graveyard of the Meeting House he gave to Swansea, by the side of his wife Priscilla, who pre-deceased him. This secluded and peaceful little spot is now surrounded by high walls and houses, and the old Meeting House, the scene of George Fox's ministrations, has disappeared, giving place to a more modern and convenient building.

William Bevan's farewell to his family* on his death-bed is a fitting close to a life which had consistently witnessed to the Truth during days of doubt and darkness :

“To his son Silvanus, and his daughter Hester he said . . . ‘I desire that ye may live together when I am gone and keep to Meetings, and let your Houses be open to those that bring glad tidings of the Kingdom of Peace, for they are faithful labourers, and if you have but little God will add a blessing.’ . . . Another time when weak in bed, his son Michael, James Picton and a kinsman William Bevan, and his son, Silvanus Bevan being present, he said to this effect, ‘Grandson William, be obedient to those thou art under ; fear God always, and run not unto the fashion of the world, but behave humbly and lowly, and God will add a blessing to thy endeavours. Be kind to your sister Hester, and assist her in the choice of a husband, for,’ saith he, ‘she hath been careful and tender of me since your Mother died, and a support in my old age. . . . So to the Lord I leave you, desiring him to bless you which is the best portion I can give you.’ His children all kissing him, he concluded at this time in much tenderness and tears. Having seen twenty of his children's children, and growing weaker and weaker in body, he resigned this life in that quietness and innocency in which infants go to sleep.”

* *Piety Promoted.* Evans.

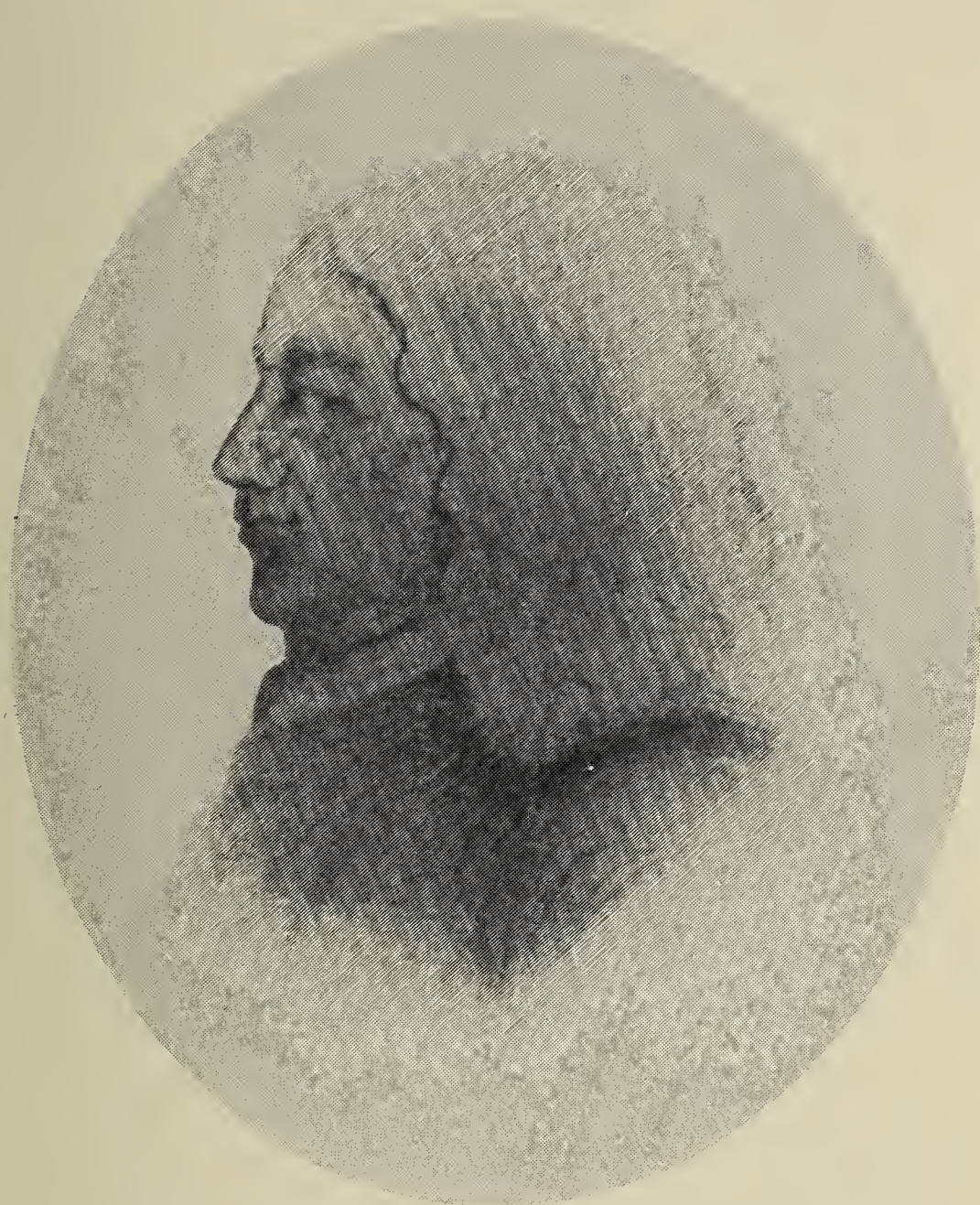
The Quaker of the olden time!
 How calm and firm and true,
 Unspotted by its wrong and crime,
 He walked the dark earth through.
 The lust of power, the love of gain,
 The thousand lures of sin
 Around him, had no power to stain
 The purity within.*

* "The Quaker." J. G. Whittier.

SILVANUS BEVAN

We now pass to Silvanus the fourth, but second surviving son of William and Priscilla Bevan, who was born at Swansea, August 9th, 1661, and was the first to bear that now familiar Christian name. He was a Burgess of the City, his name appearing on the Rolls as "Mr. Silvanus Bevan, Merchant" and he paid a rent of £2 17s. per annum "for the two little Acres near the lower white Stile, and for Kae Bach (small field) near the Ashclose, and 10s. for a House and Garden at the Parsonage."

At the end of the seventeenth century Swansea was easily the premier port of South Wales, many of her merchants trading in corn, timber, etc., which they principally dispatched to London and Bristol. Silvanus occupied himself with all such business, and he also collected rents for the Duke of Beaufort, a large landowner in the district, and in partnership with one Gabriel Powell, the Duke's agent, he rented a wharf, with a view to enhancing the value of his property by experimenting in copper smelting. They met with strenuous opposition from the townsfolk, on the grounds that such Works would be prejudicial to the health of the town, and Powell writes to John Burgh in 1720 as follows, in defence of their project :



SILVANUS BEVAN, of Swanzey
1661 - 1725

“ For John Burgh at Troy, near Monmouth.*

“ DEAR SIR,—I have been favoured with yours togeather with one enclosed to James Griffiths w^{ch} I delivered, and he has returned an Answer to the same words as the copy. I shall therefore only observe that it must be granted that the Duke by obliging us in a particular will gain considerably, and if so I hope Mr. Bevan and myselfe will not be thought the worse of encouraging the undertaking. I cannot imagine how he [the complainant] comes to be soe careful of the health of the Inhabitants of Swanzeý all of a sudden ; he has opposed its welfare all that lay in him, and p’ticularly in the contest between us and the Burgesses. Sil Bevan and myselfe are much more concerned for the health of this place, ourselves, and families (we are numerous) live in it, and wee are not so necessitous or soe covetous that we would endanger our health for any consideration whatever.

“ Your obliged servant,

“ GABRIEL POWELL.”

One smiles, and wonders how his family compared in number with Silvanus and his eleven children ?

These two pioneers won their way, and could the conservative and objecting Burgesses visit Swansea to-day, they might well stand amazed at its healthy and flourishing population, despite the enormous copper-smelting works which have so largely contributed to the wealth and prosperity of their native town.

James Griffiths, who was one of the originators of copper-smelting, had married Silvanus Bevan’s daughter Hester, and we learn “ that the old Copper Works (now the Pottery at Swansea) erected by Griffiths, were financed by Bevan and other Quakers.”

* *History of Port of Swansea.* W. H. Jones.

Gabriel Powell and Silvanus continued to push their joint schemes, for in 1735 the Corporation granted them the ground commonly called Mr. Seys Bank, for the sum of £3 5s. per annum for fifty-one years, with liberty to build any houses or other conveniences, and here they erected upon the river frontage the first stores and warehouses; they were also probably concerned in a further grant given to Griffiths, for "ground near the Strand for a Yard and Dock."

We know from Silvanus' will that he possessed property at Penclawdd Llanrhidian, situated about ten miles from Swansea on the sea coast, and from a careful examination of the old title deeds we find "that they were bought by Silvanus Bevan, Merchant of Swanzey on November 9, 1694, from Richard Davis, and Joan his Wife, for the sum of £8, to be paid in good and lawful money of our Sovereign Lord and Lady, William and Mary, by the Grace of God, of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, King and Queen," etc. The price appears to us to-day absurdly small, but we must multiply it by fifteen to realise the approximate value. The names of the various lands and farms are shown on the parchments, such as Gwen-y-Goredd, Tyry Gorge, etc., and the purchase also included the Marsh and Lands adjacent to the sea.

These estates were bequeathed by Silvanus to his several sons in due succession, and were eventually sold by Timothy Bevan, in conjunction with his son, Silvanus the Banker, on January 2nd, 1786, to John Morris, of Clasemont, and his heirs, and are held to-day by Sir Robert Morris, Bart., of Sketty Park, Swansea.

Apart from the commercial value of Penclawdd and its coal mines, the village has a unique charm and interest, being famed for the cockle industry, which

has flourished there from time immemorial. This occupation is entirely run by the women of the neighbourhood, a remarkably vigorous race of Amazons, who wear the Welsh costume, with shawls draped over their heads, surmounted by a straw "Cockle Bonnet," nor are the men of the place permitted to engage in the industry, under penalty of a severe castigation at the hands of the aforesaid Amazons !

From the site of the ruined "Great House" of Penclawdd, you look down on the scene which Silvanus and his children must frequently have witnessed, the picturesque groups of fisherwomen astride their donkeys crossing the Llanrhidian Sands with sacks of cockles on their way to market.

Silvanus does not appear to have taken such a leading part in religious affairs as his father did, but the following extract shows us that he identified himself with Quaker worship and was ready to entertain strangers unawares.* Thomas Story, a well-known American Friend, writes : "On March 4, 1707, I went to Swangill [Swansea] where I was kindly entertained by Silvanus Bevan, and next day, first of the week, was at their meeting ; in the forenoon it was not very large, nor very open, but larger and more open in the afternoon, yet some heavy thing lay at bottom. I staid there the day following and had another meeting in the evening at his brother's house, which was more open, there being several people there, and in hearing about the House."

The following account of Silvanus' children may be of interest, but owing to lack of dates it has not been possible to place them in their exact chronological order. We know nothing of his wife Jane Phillips, whom he married in 1685, but the fact that her father was William Phillips, a Swansea Quaker. Jane Bevan

* *The Journal and Life of Thomas Story.*

outlived her husband by two years and died November 14, 1727.

- (1) WILLIAM. He married and had a son named Silvanus, but neither of them are mentioned in wills or later letters.
- (2) HESTER. The wife of James Griffiths, and the mother of three sons, Silvanus, James and William. They all lived "in a Manor House, belonging to the Duke of Beaufort on the Strand, adjoining to the East Side of the Castle, the lease being dated December 20, 1734."
- (3) PRISCILLA (*b.* 1690). This daughter remained all her life in Swansea, and married Thomas Inman, but no mention is made of their having children. "Aunt Inman" was evidently well off and much respected. She died April 30th, 1781, aged ninety-one.
- (4) SILVANUS (1691—1765). The founder of "The Plough Court Pharmacy," of whom a fuller account is given in the next chapter.
- (5) AQUILA. He is mentioned as the third son in his father's will, and was present at his brother Silvanus' wedding in 1715. No record of his birth, life or death is forthcoming.
- (6) MARY (1698—1784). She married William Padley, a Swansea Alderman, in 1726, the marriage taking place at "The Bull and Mouth" Meeting House, London. She died at the age of eighty-six, leaving six children, who bore the traditional Bevan names, viz., Mary, Elizabeth, Silvanus, Timothy, William, Paul. Her son, Silvanus Padley, was Harbour Master of Swansea in 1804, and died in 1855.

- (7) ELIZABETH (1700—1767). The wife of James Cornock, and the mother of Jane Cornock, whose name appears in letters and wills.
- (8) SUSANNAH (1701—1784). This daughter remained unmarried, and in middle age came to live at Hackney, near the house of her brother Timothy. She occupied herself with good works.
- (9) TIMOTHY (1704—1786). The next chapter gives full particulars concerning this son, from whom we are all directly descended.
- (10) REBECCA. In her father's will she is described as his youngest daughter, and married a man named Phillips, probably a relation on her mother's side. No further record of her life is available.
- (11) PAUL (1706—1767). This youngest son lived all his life in Swansea, where he traded as a merchant, but apparently did not possess a large working capital, for we read in the Morris MSS. that Paul, son of Silvanus Bevan, was desirous of buying the Duke of Beaufort's wood, valued at £4,500, "but as soon raise the Dead as raise ye money for it"; from the same source we learn "that he was notoriously shallow," but no incident is quoted in support of this statement. Some extracts from the following letter, written by Paul, though of no great interest, is given, as typical of the business correspondence between the brothers, and their style of address at this period.

"To Mr. Timothy Bevan, Lombard Street, London.

"Swanzey, March 7, 1765.

"DEAR BROTHER T.B.—The other side thou hast extracts of the Deeds relating the house at Carmarthen,

by which thou may see the entail cannot (in my opinion) be broke without Cousin Jenny Stephens joining, who if she should survive Brother Silvanus, will have full power to do with it as she pleases. I should be glad to know the manner in which Cousin Hannah left £10 10s. to Margaret Staines, and when it is to be paid . . . Her Mother is desirous it should be put out to interest, but I can find none here who wants so small a sum, who I think safe to trust it with. . . . The Affair is now in Agitation, and therefore should be glad to have thy oppinion when thou writes next. It seems she was not pleased that Sister Cornock should hesitate to take her Bond without waiting an answer from me, which I propose to send, as soon as I hear from thee. We are all pritty well, and with our dear love,

“ I am, thy affectionate Brother,

“ PAUL BEVAN.”

Paul remained a bachelor till he was forty-eight years of age, when he married Elizabeth Phillips, aged thirty, by whom he had four children, bearing the oft repeated family names of Priscilla, Silvanus, Paul and Elizabeth. They were left orphans at an early age, and placed under the care of their various relations. The branch of the family represented by the late Paul Bevan is descended from this Silvanus.*

Old Silvanus passed away on December 4th, 1725, and with him the link that bound his family to Swansea was broken, for his sons went to London to seek their fortunes. It is idle, but not uninteresting to speculate to what extent the Bevans would have profited had they remained in South Wales and reaped the benefit of their pioneer efforts. They left, however, just when the great local industrial projects were beginning to boom, in which the lucky holders

* See Note I of Appendix.

were rewarded by substantial returns, but in which our forefathers were not destined to share.

The scene shifts, and we now follow our Georgian ancestors to the City of London, where we shall find them occupied in business and commerce, displaying the same foresight and industry as did their predecessors, whose labours were confined to the smaller sphere of Swanzey.

CHAPTER II

THE PLOUGH COURT PHARMACY

“ . . . I have taken these pains not for the present age, but a future. Many things which were known to our Grandsires are lost to us, and our descendants will search in vain for many facts, which to us are most familiar.”

SILVANUS BEVAN, APOTHECARY

SILVANUS BEVAN (1691—1765), second son of Silvanus and Jane Bevan, left Swansea as a young man, and obtaining his “Freedom” from the Society of Apothecaries in 1715, established his Pharmacy in Plough Court, Lombard Street, which he rented from Salem Osgood, a Quaker merchant.

A previous tenant had been Alexander Pope, a Linendraper, whose son, the famous poet, was born in the old house in 1688. The original schedule of “Mr. Bevan’s House” gives an accurate description of the building and its rooms; the panelled dining room with a “Land-Skipp” (*sic*) painted over the chimney piece, and the lower panelled room with its stone chimney and Dutch tiles, sound most attractive; not so indeed the middle room, five feet nine inches high, enclosed under the stairs with no windows, which was doubtless used as a store room. Silvanus, being comfortably settled with a house and a business, next secured a wife, and in November, 1715, he brought Elizabeth Quare to live at Plough Court.

Her father,* Daniel Quare (1648—1724), was clockmaker to George I, an office he at first refused on account of his inability as a Quaker to take the oath of allegiance. This difficulty, however, was overcome, and he retained the royal favour, members of the Court and other distinguished notabilities attending the weddings of all his four children.

The marriage took place at Gracechurch Street Meeting House (November, 1715), and the Certificate, which is beautifully engrossed, runs thus :†

“Silvanus Bevan, of Cheapside, Citizen and Apothecary of London, son of Silvanus Bevan of Swanzey, in the County of Glamorgan in South Wales, Merchant, and Elizabeth Quare, daughter of Daniel Quare of Exchange Alley, Citizen and Clockmaker of London, having publicly declared their intention of taking each other in marriage . . . they, the said Silvanus Bevan and Elizabeth Quare appeared in a public assembly of the aforesaid people, and others met together for that end, in their Meeting House at Gracechurch Street in London. And in solemn manner he, the said Silvanus Bevan taking the said Elizabeth Quare by the hand, did openly declare as followeth : ‘ Friends, in the Feare of God, and in the presence of this Assembly, whom I take to be my witness, I take this, my dearest Friend Elizabeth Quare to be my Wife, promising to be to her a faithful and loving Husband, till it please God by death to separate us.’ . . . And in like manner similar vows were taken by the Bride.”

The signatures of over one hundred witnesses are appended, including that of the bridegroom’s father, and William and Aquila, his brothers.

* Clocks made by Quare fetch high prices to-day and are seldom obtainable. Fine specimens of his work can be seen at Windsor Castle, South Kensington Museum, and in Pierpont Morgan’s collection. A Quare Watch, which belonged to Silvanus Bevan, is now the property of Robert P. Bevan, Esq.

† The original certificate is in the possession of Mrs. William Bevan.

Rebecca Osgood (daughter of Salem Osgood) in a letter to a friend written eight weeks later, thus describes the important ceremony :

“ . . . As to ye Wedding, I don't know but ye hast had an account of it before this, but I will give ye best account I am capable of, being of ye invited gests. Ye Prince and Princesses and moust of ye quality was invited, and thay gave them some hopes of honouring them with their company till ye night before, and then thay sent word that they could not come, nor none of the quality which had Places, because of ye Act, which obliges them to go into no meeting—but thare were several of ye quality y^t had no Places, ye Duchess of Marlbourow [Sarah] was thare, and ye Lord Finch, ye Lady Cartwrite, ye Venetian Ambascior and his Lady, and a Lady that is governess to ye young Princesses, hous name I have forgot, and several other persons of distinction. Thay desired y^t ye Meeting might be put off till one of ye Clocke, which was don. Accordingly from thence we went to Skinner's Hall whare we dined, thay gave a very splendid dinner as could be, and ye quality was mightily pleased both with ye ceremony of ye marriage, and thare entertainment. As to ye young couple thay came off very well. Ye bridegroom spoke very hansomly and ye bride better than could be expected before so great an assembly. I had ye honour to wate on them home at night.”

Elizabeth Bevan died soon after her marriage in giving birth to a son, who lived but a few hours, and her husband subsequently married Martha, daughter of Gilbert Heathcote, of Culthorpe, Derby, by whom he had no children.

Silvanus had a considerable talent for carving portrait medallions, or little ivory éffigies, several of which are still extant, notably one of William Penn,

and another* reputed to be the likeness of old Silvanus Bevan of Swansea.

Silvanus died at Hackney, June 5th, 1765, aged seventy-four, and was buried at Bunhill Fields. A Précis of his Will† is given in the Appendix.

TIMOTHY BEVAN

Timothy (1704—1786) was the fourth son of Silvanus and Jane Bevan of Swansea, and tradition relates that he completed his medical studies at Leyden, subsequently joining his elder brother at the Plough Court Pharmacy. The following entry is taken from the Register of the Society of Apothecaries : “London, March 11, 1730. Mr. Timothy Bevan, who as he says had been bred an Apothecary in the country, and has been some time with his brother Mr. Silvanus Bevan, a Member of this Company, desired his Freedom of this Society by Redemption ; ordered—that on payment of £25, and 40s. to the Garden and the usual Fees, and passing an Examination, he be made free.”—He was admitted to the Freedom accordingly on April 6th, 1731.

We should here explain that “the sum of 40s. to be paid to the Garden ” refers to the Apothecaries Garden which still exists at Chelsea. The Society was frequently faced with the recurring difficulty of paying its way, and in 1713 it was decided that “Whatsoever their poverty, the Garden must be carried on for the honour of the Society ” and therefore all members were taxed.

It is more than probable that young Timothy joined in the frequent Herborizing Parties organised by the members, “tramping thro’ the fields of

* The property of Cosmo Bevan, Esq. Five Medallions by Silvanus Bevan are now owned by Robert P. Bevan, Esq.

† See Note II, Appendix.

Islington to the wilder country of Hampstead Heath, picking Frittilaries and Solomon's Seal in the ditches of Hammersmith, and joining in the dinners and subsequent horticultural discussions at the Inn at Putney."*

On arrival in London Timothy became a partner with his brother at Plough Court, and four years later, in 1735, married Elizabeth Barclay at "The Bull and Mouth" Meeting House, and brought his bride to live at the Pharmacy.

Elizabeth Barclay came of a good stock, for she was descended from the Barclays of Ury, in Aberdeenshire,† an ancient Scottish family, and her grandfather was Robert Barclay (1648—1690), the author of the famous *Apology for the Quakers*, which earned for him the title of "The Apologist." The intimate friend of William Penn and George Fox, he did much to further the Quaker cause in Court circles, and was a great favourite of Charles II. He also carried on an interesting correspondence on Religion and Philosophy with Charles' sister, Princess Elizabeth of Bohemia, and many of his letters signed "Thy real and unfeigned Friend, R.B.," are still preserved.

Her father, David Barclay (1682—1769), the son of the Apologist, came from Scotland to Cheapside as apprentice to James Taylor, a Linen Draper at "The Sign of the Bear." In due course he married Ann Taylor, his master's daughter, succeeded to the business, and brought up a large family in the Cheapside House.

One likes to picture Timothy, the young Apothecary, and Elizabeth Barclay, the youthful Quakeress, wending their way to "First Day" meeting,

* *The Romance of the Apothecaries Garden.* Dawtrey Drewitt.

† The Barclays are directly descended from Edward I, through the female line.

and as near residents in the City participating in social gatherings at the houses of the neighbouring merchants.

Old David Barclay prospered exceedingly, and on the occasion of George III's visit to the City for the Lord Mayor's Show in 1761, the Quaker Linen Draper entertained Their Majesties right royally at his house in Cheapside. An amusing but somewhat inaccurate account of this historic incident is given in Lawson's *History of Banking*, but the descriptions by members of the Barclay family are not only more accurate, but vastly more entertaining, as they are pregnant with those small human touches and details which bring the picturesque scene so vividly to our imagination. The writer of the following* letter was one John Freame, the brother of Priscilla, David Barclay's second wife :

“Xmas Day, 1761. Dear Sister,—I recv^d thyne of ye 5th inst., which want of leisure prevented my answering sooner.

“However waiving the stale unpleasant Topick, the badness of the times, shall endeavour to satisfie thy curiosity in the best manner I can, how affairs were conducted at Cheapside on the late important day, the substance whereof I had from Sister Betty and Jack (being absent myself through want of curiosity).

“Know then in y^e first place Br^o Barclay spar'd no cost in repairing his House, both within and without, as well as decorating it in a suitable manner for the reception of the Royal Family. When that was perfected Lord Bruce came to give directions about the apartments and furniture (which was very grand), also in what manner the Family were to receive their Royal Guests.

“But previous to this Br^o Barclay insisted that all his children that came should be dressed like plain

* Tritton : *the Place and the Family*. J. H. Tritton.

Friends. This injunction (to use your honest Fr^d Thomas' expression) was an exercising time for severall of them. However, they were obliged to comply, or stay away, which Jeremy did on that account.

"The Sons were dressed in plain cloth; the Daughters in plain Silkes, with dress^d Black Hoods; and my Sister says (on the whole) made a genteel appearance, and acted their part in Masquerade very well. So that (as to the outward) the testimony of the Apology appeared to be maintained.

"And now all things being in order, Br^o and Sister Barclay with David and Jack, were appointed to receive the Royal Family below-stairs, and to wait on y^m to the apartment prepared for them above. Soon after which, the King asked for Mr. Barclay and his family, who were introduced to him by the Lord in Waiting, and kindly received; and Br^o with all his sons permitted to have the honour to kiss his hand without kneeling (an instance of such condescension as never was known before). The King after this saluted my Sister and the Girles, and ye same favour was conferred on them by the Queen, and others of the Royal Family.

"After this ceremony, the King, Queen (by her interpreter) with the Princess of Wales and others of the Family and Nobility discoursed familiarly with Br^o Barclay, his sons, etc.

"Sister Barclay being quite spent with the fatigue of the day, begged the favour of the Queen to dispense with her further attendance, which request was readily granted.

"In the interim the Queen, with others of the Family, and severall of the Nobility, refreshed themselves with the repast provided for them in the back Parlour and Kitchen (which was elegantly set off for the occasion) and its being (I suppose) a great Novelty to them were highly pleased with the

entertainment. By this time the Lord Mayor was pass^d, and soon after the two Sheriffs came to invite the Royal Family to the Hall.

“On the King’s going away he thanked Br^o Barclay for his entertainment, and politely excused (as he was pleased to say) the trouble they had given.

“This great condescension I am told so affected the old gentleman that he had not only made a suitable return to ye complem^t but (like the Good Patriarchs of old) pray^d that God would please to bless him and all his family, which was received by him with great goodness.

“J.F.” (JOHN FREAME).

In a letter to a friend at Warwick, Lucy, David Barclay’s daughter, describes the appearance of Queen Charlotte, and the banquet provided for the Royal guests.*

“ . . . To be sure she [the Queen] has not a fine face, but a most agreeable countenance ; is vastly genteel with an air, and notwithstanding her being a little woman, is truly majestic. . . . I suppose you will not think the picture complete unless the important article of dress is in part demonstrated. Therefore agreeably to the rules of painting, I shall begin with the head. Her hair, which is of a light colour, being in what is called coronation ringlets, with a circle of diamonds so beautiful in themselves, and so prettily disposed as will admit of no description. Her clothes which were as rich as gold and silver and silk could make them, were a suit from which fell a train supported by a little page in scarlet and silver. The lustre of her stomacher was inconceivable, being one of the presents she received while Princess of Mecklenburg, on which was represented by the vast profusion of diamonds placed on it the magnificence

* “The Jonathan Bell MSS.”

attending so great a Prince, who as I must tell you, I think a fine personable man, and the singular marks of honour by him bestowed on us, declares his heart disposed to administer all that pleasure and satisfaction that Royalty can give. Nothing could have added to the scene, but that of conversing with the Queen, who inquired if we could speak French for that purpose, and so flattered our Vanity as to tell the Lady in Waiting that the greatest mortification she had met with, since she arrived in England, was her not being able to converse with us.*

“ I doubt not but the novelty of our appearance raised her curiosity, for amid such a confusion of glitter, we must look like a parcel of Nuns. . . . The King, you may observe, never sat down, nor did he taste anything the whole time. Her Majesty drank tea which was brought to her on a silver waiter by Brother Jack, who delivered it to the Lady in Waiting, and she presented it kneeling, which to us who had never seen that ceremony before, appeared as pretty as any of the parade. The rest of the Royal Family and Nobility repaired to the place prepared for refreshments. Our Kitchen on this occasion was turned into a tea room, with chocolate and coffee, was prepared for about a hundred people, and four females attended ; besides there was a cold collation of Hams, Tongues, hung beef, etc., all served in small plates, for this repast was only designed for a bit, by way of staying the stomach. The dresser after being covered with a fine cloth was spread with white baskets in which were rolls, biscuits, rusks, etc. The Floor like the rest of the apartment was covered with a carpet. In the decorating of this room I had like to have lain myself up in the morning. In the little Parlour was a dessert of fruit and sweetmeats and

* Queen Charlotte was married at Windsor, September 8th, 1761, and had therefore been in England only two months, when she visited the City.

three menservants to wait in the character of valets, for no servants in livery were suffered to appear. . . . I must inform you that the Splendour, with every other circumstance relating to the important day, far exceeded the utmost stretch of our imagination, and has left so pleasing an impression that I am tempted to wish Old Time would forget to erase it."

It is not surprising that the royal visit caused so much excitement in this quiet home, when we remember that Quakers mingled little with the outer world, although they were given to much hospitality within their own immediate circle. We find them occupied with business and commercial life, rather than in the great affairs of State. Their abstention from public duties is capable of explanation, for as Friends, they were debarred from entering Parliament, Church, Army, Navy, and legal professions, nor did they participate in sport, social or worldly amusements.

These restrictions were numerous and probably irksome, and their energies were therefore diverted to medicine, finance and commerce. It is generally conceded that many members of prominent Quaker families accumulated large fortunes during the eighteenth century, and indeed this is not remarkable, when we remember that while on the one hand they maintained a high standard of diligence and integrity, they nevertheless practised economy, where others expended on vain and outward show. Their lives ran on pleasant and leisured lines, undisturbed for the most part by the minor worries and anxieties, which so often arise from lack of means.

Elizabeth, Timothy Bevan's wife, died at Hackney, August 30th, 1745. She had five children, four sons and one daughter (Priscilla). Three of the four sons, by a curious persistency, were named Silvanus; two died in early infancy, while the third, Silvanus, was destined to become a banker, and may be

considered to be the founder of the family prosperity in the past. His history we shall trace in the next chapter.

Timothy Bevan remained a widower for some years, and then married Hannah Springall (1715—1784), widow of Nathaniel Springall of Norwich, and daughter of Joseph and Hannah Gurney, by whom he had one son, Joseph Gurney Bevan.

They were married at the Meeting House, Norwich, on April 12th, 1752, in the presence of a large number of relations and friends.

During his first marriage Timothy lived at his business premises in Plough Court, but brought his second wife to Hackney, where he owned a large house, the site of which is now covered by Mare Street and Loddidge Street. . . . “This house was probably one of those plain and opulent mansions round which, and over which, the tide of North London has flowed in the last century; one of those sound Georgian villas with plenty of well-kept flower-beds and shrubberies, where solid and expensive comfort was joined with the Quaker dread of worldly show. When we look back into the lives of our ancestors who lived in the eighteenth century, we must make due allowance for their peculiar environments, for the Quaker world was aloof, and aloft, and somewhat detached from the general structure of life. They were distinguished from the world, they were unlike other people, they were Friends. When they went out and became bankers and merchants and prospered exceedingly, we have always understood and believed such prosperity was founded upon the most rigid Friendly principles.”*

A quaint account of Timothy, his appearance and methods of conducting business, is given us by the Quaker diarist, James Jenkins. This gentleman's

* *Earlham*. Percy Lubbock.

comments on contemporary Friends are often somewhat malicious, and though perhaps not always entirely reliable, are none the less entertaining reading.*

“In 1777 (should be 1786) on the 12th of the 6th month my son William was born, and on the 18th of the same month was buried at Bunhill Fields, from his own house at Hackney, Timothy Bevan, Joseph Gurney Bevan’s father, aged eighty-two. His remains were not taken into any Meeting House, pursuant to his own desire. On mentioning to my friend Henry Butt, having been at his Funeral, he said: ‘Now I believe all the black stocking friends are gone’ his meaning was thus explained.

“About fifty years ago most of your Plain Friends wore black stockings, cross or outside pockets, and large curled wigs, but I have since observed that drab coloured stockings, and the natural hair is most common, so it seems your ideas of plainness are not always the same. Timothy Bevan was thin; as to height of the middle size; and of complexion uncommonly sallow; he wore a white wig, and as it was the custom of each Plain Friend in those days to choose a colour and stick to it, he always appeared in a light drab.

“Henry Butt told me that he was of a temper the very opposite to cheerfulness and affability, ‘so that,’ said he, ‘in all his deportment you seemed to hear the language of “Stand off!”’

“My Father, you must know, was a drug grinder, and we had often dealings with him, Thos. Corbyn, and severel other Quakers, and although we deemed them good customers with respect to pay, yet they were generally cross and difficult to please.

“When I lived with my Father I was young, and used to collect in our bills; if any of them did

* These documents are preserved at Devonshire House Library.

not happen to agree with their books, when I called for payment, I was sure to be huffed, or the bill of parcels flung at me with ‘Make that amount right before thee comest here for the money.’ The mistake was sometimes a halfpenny or a penny too much or too little charged, and sometimes a day wrong in the date, yet they would growl, and be ready to snap my head off. “Whenever I see a person snappish, cross, or surly,” once said a friend of mine, ‘conclude that they are with respect to health unwell, or they could not behave so.’ Now, admitting the justice of this hypothesis, we may with propriety exclaim, ‘How poorly our ancestors always were!’”

During their old age Timothy and his wife were affectionately cared for by their son Joseph Gurney and his wife Mary. In the year 1783 we find him informing a friend “that his parents now live at Hackney, and considering their ages are favoured with very good health, being free from many infirmities.”

Timothy died in 1786 at the age of eighty-two, and one of Joseph’s letters thus describes his end. “. . . As thou knewest him personally, it may not be uninteresting to thee to be told that his ailments seemed rather those of a frame worn out by age than the result of disease. I hope he suffered little pain during his confinement, and although some hours before his departure there appeared fits of considerable trouble, yet at last he passed away with great quietness with his family round him.”

In 1784 his wife, Hannah, had died quite suddenly, as she entered her son’s house at Clapham, on a visit. Both she and her husband were buried at Bunhill Fields.

The abridged version of Timothy Bevan’s will* is given in the Appendix.

* Note III, Appendix.

PRISCILLA BEVAN

Priscilla (1737—1772), only daughter of Timothy and Elizabeth Bevan, at the age of twenty married a man many years her senior, Edmund Gurney (1723-1796), a worsted merchant of Norwich. By his former marriages to Martha Kett and Ann Flierden he had acquired money, but fell into financial difficulties and was afterwards supported by his relations. In early life he held unorthodox views, but owing to a remarkable vision entirely changed his opinions, and was afterwards much esteemed by the Society of Friends. Priscilla, his third wife, died from lung trouble at the age of thirty-five, and left no children.

TIMOTHY PAUL BEVAN

Timothy Paul (1744—1773), the youngest son, joined his father in the drug business, for which he displayed aptitude, and remained a partner till his death in 1773, at the early age of twenty-nine. He bequeathed his fortune to his wife, Amelia Moseley, by whom he had no children. In his will he is described as "Timothy Bevan, the Younger, late of St. Bennet-Fink, London." He appointed his father and his wife Amelia joint executors, "whom I desire to pursue any advice my Father shall think necessary." The young widow afterwards married John Perkins, the Southwark Brewer, by whom she had six children.

JOSEPH GURNEY BEVAN

Joseph Gurney (1753—1814), the only child of Timothy and Hannah Bevan, joined his father at Plough Court in 1773 on his half-brother's death. He proved himself an able man of business and assumed

sole charge on his father's retirement. In a letter to a friend he writes : " My Father has lately relinquished to me his drug business, together with his house in Plough Court, which latter not being yet cleared of the workmen and almost without furniture is not yet fit for the reception of company."

In 1776 he married Mary Plumstead, at Devonshire House Meeting ; there was no issue of this marriage.

Silvanus and his brother Timothy were the actual founders of the Plough Court drug business, to-day so well-known to the public as "Allen and Hanburys" ; they built it up on the principles of strict and fair dealing, trading solely in goods of first-rate quality, which they sold at honest prices.

Joseph Gurney Bevan continued these traditions and extended the foreign business, gaining many customers in America and the West Indies. He experienced great difficulty in certain matters touching his conscience, such as dealing in prohibited articles, receiving smuggled goods, or handling Custom House Bonds, which he declined to meddle in, because, as he stated in a letter to an American friend, " The Bond being given to the King contains titles which I, not thinking true, do not chuse to subscribe, such as "King of France," . . . "Defender of the Faith," . . . etc.

The subject of slavery naturally occupied much of his thoughts, and he wrote to a Jamaica customer who offered to pay his bill by the sale of some negroes, that he would rather wait than receive any money made in this way.

Joseph Gurney Bevan* is known in Quaker History as "the sober, solid Friend," and has been called by one of his contemporaries "our chief

* An interesting account of J. G. Bevan will be found in *National Dictionary of Biography*.

disciplinarian." He wrote the lives of Isaac Penington, Robert Barclay, and other worthies, and was the Editor of a small Quaker journal entitled *Piety Promoted*.

He lived at Plough Court till 1794, when on retirement from business he settled at Stoke Newington where he occupied himself with literary and religious matters until his death in September, 1814.

On his death the Bevan connection with Plough Court, which had lasted for a period of over eighty years, was severed, but it appears somewhat strange that Silvanus, the banker, made no arrangement for any of his seven sons to take up this prosperous family business. A possible explanation may be found in the fact that their uncle Joseph Gurney was a Plain Quaker of the strictest type, and would scarcely appeal to his nephews as a congenial employer!

The Pharmacy thereupon passed into the hands of William Allen, Joseph Gurney Bevan's personal friend and assistant, a Quaker, and a scientist of repute.

He was succeeded by his nephews, Daniel and Cornelius Hanbury, whose descendants to-day so worthily maintain the traditions of "The Plough Court Pharmacy."

CHAPTER III

SILVANUS BEVAN, BANKER

“The Roots of the Present lie deep in the Past.”

OUR ancestor Silvanus (1743—1830) was a true Cockney, for he was born at Plough Court, Lombard Street, on October 3rd, 1743, the third surviving son of Timothy and Elizabeth Bevan. His mother died when he was two years old, and as his father was fully occupied with his business, the three children were probably cared for by some kindly relation or friend.

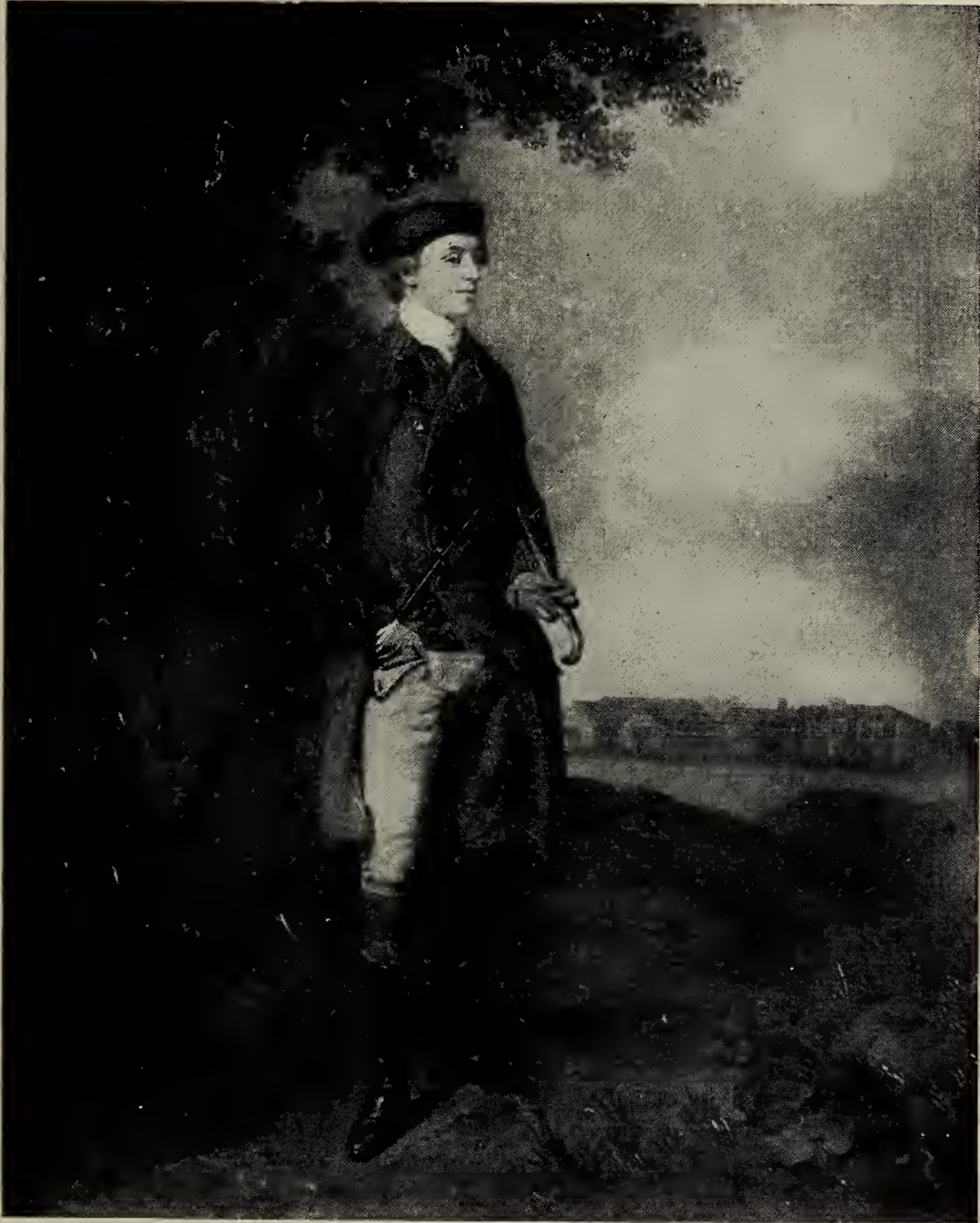
A childhood spent in the heart of the City must have been replete with interest and incident, while the Pharmacy, itself a hive of industry, displayed athwart the entrance a stuffed crocodile, the customary sign of the Apothecary, and doubtless regarded by the children as an object of fearsome wonder.

Silvanus was nine years old when his father married again, his choice falling on Mrs. Nathaniel Springall, a Norwich widow, *née* Hannah Gurney, who proved an excellent mother to her three step-children.

A prim little letter written to her by Silvanus, three months after her marriage, is preserved :

“Hackney, *August* 12, 1752.”

“DEAR MAMMA.—I shall be very pleased to see thee again as soon as it will suit thee to return. Uncle Paul is come to London, and has been at Hackney several times. A cat at London has killed the Lowry. I would have writ thee a longer letter, if I could have remembered anything more worth telling thee.



SILVANUS BEVAN

1743 - 1830

By Zoffany, R.A.

Please to accept of my Duty to thyself and Grand-mamma from thy dutiful son

“SILVANUS BEVAN, JUN.”

“Please to give my love to Cousin Hannah, and to Cousin Richard and Joshua, and Sister Rachel.”

The reference to the murderous London Cat is most mystifying! but the Grandmamma and other Cousins mentioned in the postscript are undoubtedly Gurney relations, to whom Hannah Bevan was paying a visit at Norwich.

We know that Silvanus was educated at a school in the neighbourhood of Hackney, probably at the celebrated Tottenham Establishment kept by Hodgkin and Forster, the prominent Quaker schoolmasters. Fragments of Latin verse and prose composed at this period of their lives by Silvanus and Timothy Paul are still extant.

Tradition relates that in old age Silvanus expressed a wish that none of his descendants should be called by his name, as it had been the cause of much teasing at school, and we can therefore hazard a guess that he was nicknamed “Silly Bevan”! Some of us, however, may regret that a name so much identified with our ancestors has been entirely neglected by succeeding generations.

It has often been stated that Silvanus, although a Banker, was part owner of both the Brewery and Pharmacy, but this is not the case. It was evidently Timothy's wish that his eldest son should join him at Plough Court, and Silvanus actually worked there for two years, gaining some insight of an Apothecary's business. But in 1767 he left Plough Court and joined his uncle James-Barclay in the more congenial work of banking.

The Bevan connection with Barclays Bank, therefore, dates from the year 1767, and it may not

be out of place to give here a brief account of this well-known firm.

The exact date of its foundation is unknown, but it existed in Lombard Street prior to 1729, and the books of the firm have been preserved from that date. In 1728 the sign of the house was "The Black Spread Eagle," but later when it removed to "No. 54" the sign was "The Rose and Crown."

The original partners in 1728 were Joseph Freame, Citizen and Goldsmith, and Thomas Gould, and in 1736 the latter was replaced by James Barclay.

The two families of Barclay and Freame were closely connected, for both David Barclay the Linendraper, and his son James had married two Miss Freames, and while we have already seen that the Bevans owe their first connection with the Bank to Silvanus' mother being a Barclay, it is interesting to note that the Barclay family also enter the Bank through the female line of the Freames.

In 1776 the firm was styled "Barclay, Bevan and Bening," and so remained till 1785, when another partner, John Tritton, who had married a Barclay, was admitted, and the business then became "Barclay, Bevan, Barclay and Tritton."

The following account was given in 1855 by a clerk who had been upwards of fifty years in the employ of the Bank* : "It is recorded that the staff at Barclay's at the end of the last century consisted of three clerks, and we are told that upon the third clerk coming to the House for the first time, he was thus dressed. He wore a long flapped coat with large pockets; the sleeves had long cuffs with three large buttons, something like the coats worn by the Greenwich pensioners of the present day; an embroidered waistcoat nearly down to his knees with an enormous bouquet in the buttonhole; a cocked hat, powdered

* *History of Banking.* Lawson.

hair with pigtail and bagwig and gold-headed cane similar to those carried by footmen of ladies of rank."

This gentleman who cut so curious a figure remained in the House many years, and died at a very advanced age, much respected by his employers.

A year after joining the Bank, Silvanus married Isabella, daughter of Edward and Isabella Wakefield, who came of an old Westmorland Quaker family. Her father was a Mercer in Lad Lane (now Gresham Street), and resided at Kensington. Silvanus must frequently have ridden from the City to Kensington to pay his addresses to Miss Isabella, and it is difficult to realise in these days of easy transit to what dangers even on so short a journey the traveller was exposed.*

"Up to the end of the eighteenth century, roads were kept in a shocking condition. It is known that the Highways both south and north of Hyde Park, as also the two new roads, which crossed it, were often almost impassible thro' mud. Assaults either by footpads or by men on horseback were common, and cuttings from contemporary newspapers show that many cases of robbery and assault took place on the road between Acton and London, and the road through Knightsbridge to Kensington."

The marriage is thus recorded in the Quaker Registers: "Silvanus Bevan, of Lombard Street, Banker, married Isabella Wakefield at Devonshire House, April 10th, 1769."

Isabella's story is both brief and pathetic. The poor little Bride of seventeen lived but seven months after marriage, and we can feel much sympathy for the young widower whose wedded life came to so tragic and rapid a conclusion. Her decease is thus described in the Registers: "Isabella Bevan, Wife of Silvanus Bevan, died November 17, 1769, aged 17.

* *Aubrey House, Kensington.* Gladstone.

Parish of Hackney, died of fever, buried at Bunhill Fields.”

After an interval of four years, Silvanus married again ; his second wife was Louisa, daughter of Henry Kendall, of Lincoln’s Inn Fields. No particulars have been recorded of the Kendall family, and it has been difficult to collect precise information regarding them ; the following facts, however, have been carefully verified, and finally dispel the vague rumours that they were people of obscure position.

We know nothing of Henry Kendall’s early life or first marriage, but he is said to have resided in Lincoln’s Inn Fields, and was by profession a Banker in Lombard Street.

“ The Banking business of Boldero and Co.* was established by Thomas Minors in 1738 ; in 1754 he took a partner of the name of Boldero, and the Firm, styled ‘ Minors and Boldero,’ was housed in Lombard Street at the sign of “ The Vine.” In 1763 it changed its name to “ Boldero, Carter and Co., and was re-organised in 1770 under the name of ‘ Boldero, Kendall, Adey and Kendall,’ of 77, Lombard Street, and was so styled till 1786, when the name Kendall disappeared, and the Firm ceased to exist in 1812.”

The Gentleman’s Magazine states that Henry Kendall died December 5th, 1778, and his brief will affords some particulars regarding his family.

“ I bequeath to my wife Elizabeth, £500, above her marriage settlement, all Household effects, etc.

“ To my daughter Elizabeth Harriet Kendall, £1,000, and annuity of £500 per annum.

“ To my son John Kendall, £1,000, also Bond for £2,000—equal to the £3,000 which I gave my daughter Louisa on her marriage.

* *Handbook of London Bankers.* Hilton Price.

“The Residue of my Estate to John and Louisa, share and share alike.

“To John Kendall, his mother’s wedding ring.

“The sum of £10 each to my Partners in Gracechurch Street.

(Signed) “HENRY KENDALL.

“June 4th, 1774.”

“Executors: John Kendall, Elizabeth Kendall, Silvanus Bevan.”

John Kendall and Louisa Bevan were the children by his first marriage, and Elizabeth Harriet, the only child of his second wife; she afterwards married, and family records relate that as Mrs. Bryne she proved somewhat of a trial to her step-sister, Mrs. Silvanus.

John Kendall, originally a partner in his father’s firm, later established himself as a banker in York, and married Honor, daughter of John Raper, of Lotherton, Abberford, Yorkshire. It is interesting to note that one of their three sons, Henry Edward Kendall (1776—1875), who lived to the age of ninety-nine, is well remembered by a member of our family still living, who, when a boy, visited the old gentleman at Dean Street, Soho. This link with the past covers the long period of 150 years.

Henry Edward Kendall,* a pupil of the famous Nash, was an Architect, and Trent Church, Chiddingstone Castle, and Kemp Town, Brighton, are specimens of his work. In early life he held an appointment under the Barrack Department of the War Office, and later became District Surveyor to St. Martin’s-in-the-Field, and St. Anne’s, Soho. A man of refined manners, tall and handsome in person,

* H. E. Kendall’s descendants through his daughter, Sophia, wife of Lewis Cubitt, include Count Riccardi Cubitt, Algernon Bowring, and Victor Bowring Hanbury.

he gained the esteem of all with whom he associated. He was twice married and left many descendants.

We now return to Silvanus and Louisa, who were married at St. Giles-in-the-Fields, and the marriage certificate is thus given in the Register :

“ Silvanus Bevan, of the Parish of St. Edmund’s, London, and Louisa Kendall of this Parish, were married in this Church by Licence, the twenty-third day of September, 1773, by me, Richard Southgate.

(*Signed*) SILVANUS BEVAN
LOUISA KENDALL

in the presence of H. Kendall, and Eliz. Kendall.”

Owing to this marriage Silvanus ceased to be a member of the Society of Friends, which his great grandfather had joined in the days of its formation. He had no choice in the matter, for we must remember that until within about the last thirty years, it was the almost invariable practice to “disown” all members who married out of the Society, and this restriction must have done much, not only to diminish the numbers, but also to alienate the affection of successive generations. This disownment probably cut Silvanus off to some extent from his immediate circle of relations and acquaintances, and in consequence his outlook must have widened, and his interests and occupations were extended.

Although Silvanus was a Banker by profession, he was also a sleeping partner in Barclay, Perkins’ Brewery at Southwark. This business, formerly Thrale’s Brewery, was sold in 1781, on the death of Henry Thrale, by his executors. The purchasers were nominally Robert Barclay (cousin of Silvanus) and John Perkins, Thrale’s former manager, who had married Amelia, Timothy Paul Bevan’s young widow.

Before the sale it was privately agreed that on completion of the deal, David Barclay (son of old David Barclay, the linendraper) and Silvanus, should join the others in partnership, each of them to pay a quarter of the total price, £135,000, and to be on equal terms in all respects. This agreement was faithfully carried out, and though Silvanus never worked at Southwark, he always signed the "Rest Book" there, until in later years, he surrendered his share of the business to his second and third sons, Henry and Charles; a descendant of the latter is still actively connected with the Brewery. The famous Doctor Samuel Johnson was one of Henry Thrale's executors; he had been an intimate friend of Thrale and his wife, and a frequent visitor to their charming villa at Streatham.

Lord Lucan* tells a very good story, which if not precisely exact is certainly characteristic. "When the sale of Thrale's Brewery was going forward, Johnson appeared bustling about with an inkhorn and pen in his buttonhole, like an exciseman, and on being asked what he really considered to be the value of the property which was to be disposed of, answered, "We are not here to sell a parcel of vats and boilers, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice." From this we may conclude that Dr. Johnson was himself present at the sale of the Brewery, and probably held converse with Silvanus Bevan.

Silvanus and his wife settled in London, possibly in the City, as the baptisms of their elder sons, David and Henry, are recorded at Bishopsgate, the third and fourth, Frederick and Charles, at St. Edmunds, the fifth, George, at St. Giles-in-the-Fields, and Robert, the sixth, at St. George's, Hanover Square.

* *Life of Johnson.* Boswell.

In 1783 Silvanus bought Swallowfield, and with his six sons left London for Berkshire.

This charming old house, situated between Wokingham and Reading, was rebuilt in 1689 by Lord Clarendon, and sold by him to Thomas Pitt in 1719. "Governor Pitt is well known as the owner of the famous 'Pitt diamond,' and as the grandfather of William Pitt, Lord Chatham."* Swallowfield again changed hands when in 1737 Pitt sold the property to John Dodd for £20,000, and it remained in this family till purchased in 1783 by Silvanus Bevan. The sale, by Messrs. Christie, lasted seven days, and included a large number of magnificent pictures and *objets d'art*. It is to be regretted from the family standpoint that Silvanus only retained possession of Swallowfield—an attractive example of a typical English home—for the short period of five years. He quarrelled with a neighbour regarding certain shooting rights, and Swallowfield passed to Timothy Earle, and from him in 1820 to the Russell family, the present owners. Richard, seventh and youngest son of Silvanus, was born at Swallowfield, and the Bevan crest, a Griffin, still remains over the stone carved mantelpiece in the Hall.

Silvanus removed from Swallowfield about 1789 to Riddlesworth Hall, Harling, near Thetford, a large estate with excellent shooting. A keen sportsman and devoted to agricultural pursuits, he farmed much of his own property. David Barclay, writing in 1792, to Robert Barclay the Banker, thus describes his visit to Riddlesworth. "I was prevented by rain seeing as much of Bevan's farm as I could have wished for, but I saw sufficient to prove that he is going on well, and that everything which he undertakes flourishes."

* *Swallowfield and its Owners.* Constance, Lady Russell.

The following letter inviting Richard Lee to a Riddlesworth Shoot, shows Silvanus as keenly interested in game preservation :

“ Riddlesworth, *October 23, 1804.*

“ MY DEAR SIR,—I am very much flattered by your obliging letter of the 19th. The extraordinary quantity of game that I have had this year has enabled me to supply my friends in a better way than formerly, which affords me greater pleasure. You will know that I am a zealous advocate for a close attendance to business, but that idea may be carried too far, which I sincerely exhort you not to do, but to give me the pleasure of your company in the next month, when I expect ‘David and Co.’ to be here. As you deserted me last year, I trust you will not persevere in such a bad practice any more. In short, I shall be much disappointed if you do not allow me to show you my increase of sport. With all good wishes,

“ S. BEVAN.”

The journey from London to Thetford by post-chaise was a long one, but accomplished in one day, and the journey is quaintly described to his sister-in-law by Robert Bevan, aged twenty-one, who travelled there with his mother :

“ To Mrs. David Bevan, 9, Russell Square, Bloomsbury, London.

January 19, 1805.

“ DEAREST LADY,—Behold me, the happiest of mortals, in having an opportunity of speaking to (if not of communing with) you, when absent as well as when present. My Mother, but first I will tell you where she is, and you cannot refuse to smile ; she and my Father have drawn the sofa before the parlour fire, each has taken a corner of it, and fallen

fast asleep. My Mother told me she had promised to write to you, but said she must write to the poor invalid to-night. I had heard you express a desire to hear from Riddlesworth, could I do less than volunteer my services? I was too happy in the occasion. From my pen you shall hear the first account of our happy arrival. We set off at half-past five; three weary stages did my Mother carry me by the light of the moon, before I was allowed any breakfast. I think we were lucky in not being troubled with any robbers, except those licensed ones, who make us pay for travelling over bad roads. However, during this severe trial of fasting, I did my best to keep up my spirits and my Mother's, by my vocal powers. Every verse and stave, serious and ludicrous, that I knew did I chaunt to the same tune with much applause. . . . Our troubles did not begin till we reached Thetford, which we did with ease at a quarter after six. Then, instead of flying home, we heard that my Father was dining at Mr. Galwey's, and that he requested us to drink tea, and he would come to us. 'Tea,' cried I, 'won't be a bad thing after travelling eighty miles,' we'll have a raking pot of tea. 'No, no,' says Mother, 'we've had no dinner, Son, we'll have some Mutton Chops.' I yielded, tho' reluctantly, for I *love* tea, and ate some dozen! My Father came at eight, and we went home. My Mother bore the journey much better than in coming up, and was not much more fatigued. To-day she is quite another thing, gay, in good spirits, and looking as well as I ever saw her. My Father has consulted Dr. Lubbock; he says that it is a mixed case, and has given him pills for each of his complaints, and promises wonders. Richard is extremely well, Charles too, and for myself, I—I—I am indifferent well, I thank ye, hope you are well. Dearest Lady, if the unutterable regard of so poor a being as I be worth acceptance,

you will ever command it—if you refuse it, expect not, for you never can receive politeness from,

“ROBERT BEVAN.”

“May I hope that my Thomsonian humour may be sacred to every eye but her’s, the fair receiver’s, whose amiable temper blinds her judgment.—R.B.”

Another interesting letter of Robert’s to Mrs. David Bevan is given below, describing a visit he paid to Earlham, where the seven Gurney sisters quite overpowered him with their combined attentions.

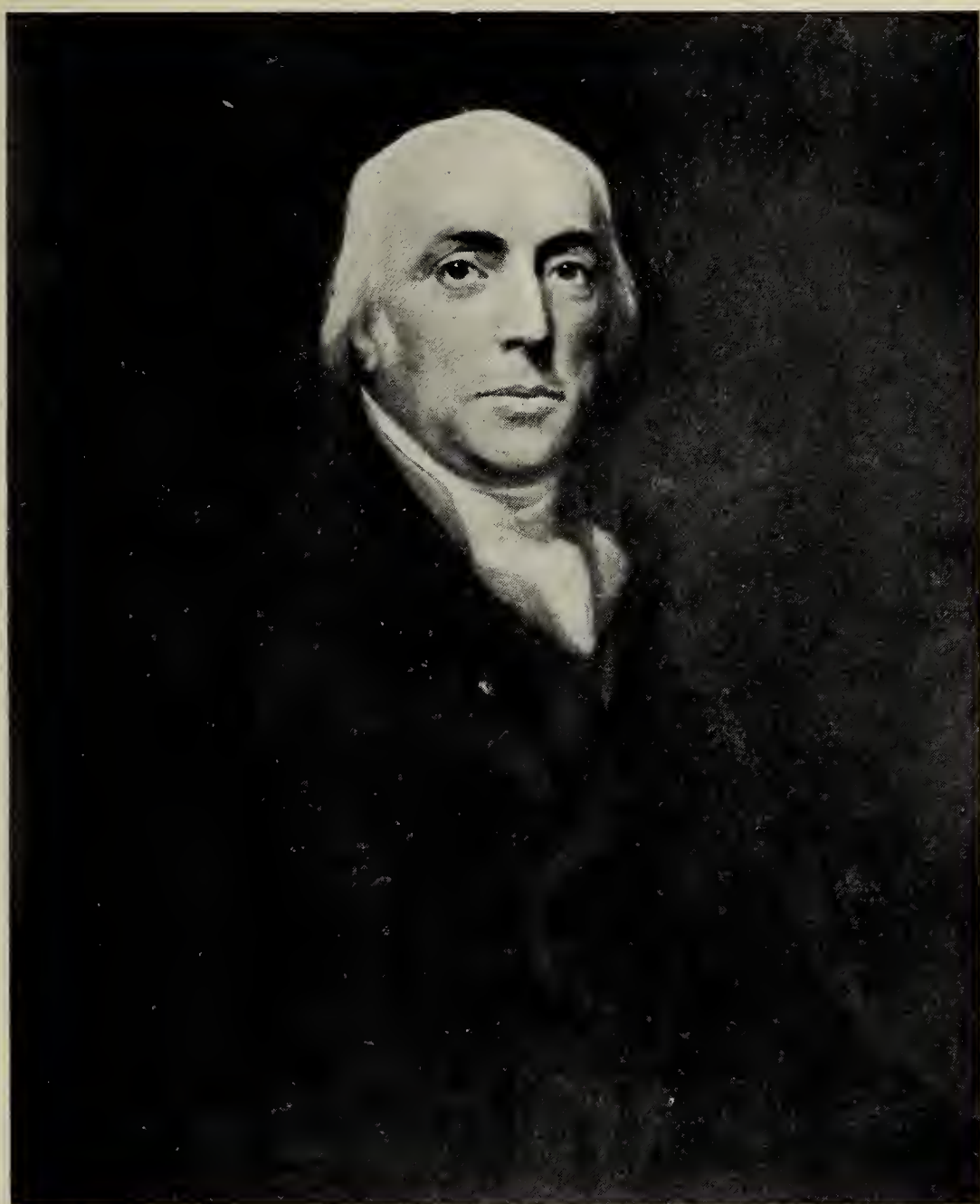
“February (1805). . . . DEAREST LADY,—I have now great hopes that I shall soon kiss your hands. I have been induced to accept an invitation from Mr. John Gurney to spend a few days at Earlham, for the sake of a little variety, and more particularly that I might call again on Dr. Lubbock. I went last Monday, and happy was I to fly back to the parent nest yesterday; but I was well repaid by my success at Norwich. The Doctor thinking that the pain in my side (which you will remember was all that I complained of) proceeded not from biliousness, but merely from cold, prescribed a plaster of Burgundy Pitch, and I have since felt no more pain from my rib. You will believe that I am getting well when I grow saucy! To you I am ashamed to own that I was heartily tired of the Earlham family, for I fear that the chief fault was want of good humour on my part. They all joined in shewing me every possible attention, treated my complaint with the greatest tenderness, discovered the kindest solicitude for my health, by perpetual enquiries after it, declaring their very great joy whenever they heard that I felt no pain in my side. Notwithstanding all this I cried out with the Psalmist, ‘Oh! that I had the wings of a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest.’ But that quality, sometimes called politeness, sometimes good

humour, with which I was overpowered, was shewn in the utmost advantage in their behaviour to each other. Though Miss Gurney had performed all the duties of a parent to her youngest sisters, she assumed no authority, or dictatorial tones. Her requests, questions and conversation, had all that gentleness and complaisance which distinguished the whole family from any other of my acquaintance. The Father shewed the same amiable temper and was respected, not feared. . . . Adieu, dearest Lady, and believe me most truly your very affectionate

“ ROBERT BEVAN.”

Silvanus, after residing for many years in Norfolk, sold Riddlesworth Hall, and removed in 1814 to Fosbury House, Hungerford, Wilts., where he built a substantial stone house. This mansion, though lacking architectural charm was roomy and comfortable, and surrounded by a stone paved path, on which his wife was wont to take her daily exercise.

To many of us the name of Fosbury conjures up happy memories of the past; long and enjoyable holidays were spent there, and “The Gibbet,” “Roman Encampment” and “Big Wood” were outstanding landmarks of childhood’s days. The property extended for many miles over the rolling Downs, contained woods, farms and parkland, and its excellent shooting formed one of its chief attractions. Before the days of railways its position was somewhat isolated, and report has it that Silvanus, desiring a quiet monotonous life in his old age, selected this out of the way spot for that very reason. His wife, however, did not share his tastes, and found it so dull and melancholy in winter that she provided the village children with scarlet cloaks, that she might be cheered by a glimpse of bright colour as they crossed the park on their way to school!



SILVANUS BEVAN

1743 - 1830

The condition of the agricultural workers in England during the early part of the nineteenth century was very grievous, and a labourer at Fosbury with a wife and six children to support, received the meagre wage of seven shillings a week! It is not surprising, therefore, that in 1830 riots occurred in Wiltshire and surrounding counties; in November of that year mobs of discontented labourers gathered in the neighbourhood of Fosbury, fires were lighted and machinery and farm implements were broken up and burnt. Two hundred men marched up to Fosbury House, demanding redress of their wrongs, and the signing of a petition which they presented. After partaking of refreshments they are reported to have left satisfied, shouting "Bevan for ever!" The rioters were dispersed by the Yeomanry. The improved and bettered conditions of the agricultural worker date from this period.

Fosbury, which was held by the Bevans for four generations, was sold to Alfred Huth, Esq., in 1902, for the sum of £28,500.

Silvanus Bevan spent a portion of each year at Fosbury, dividing the rest of his time between his London house at 31, Gloucester Place, and Collingwood House, Brighton, a fine house on the sea front, which remained for a considerable number of years in the family.

Silvanus died of paralysis at Brighton on January 25th, 1830, aged eighty-seven, and his old wife, though seriously ill at the time of his death, outlived him by eight years, dying on December 16th, 1838, aged ninety.

Mr. John Henton Tritton thus writes to a relation at the end of 1829: "I hear a truly affecting account of the state of Mr. and Mrs. Silvanus Bevan, at Brighton. He has lost the use of one side and his speech is much affected. They occupy beds in

adjoining rooms, and his only comfort is to have her brought into his chamber, and to lie with her hand grasped in his."

A month later, when the death of Silvanus was announced, Mr. Tritton again writes: "From his great kindness to me I have much reason to lament his loss; if worldly advantages confer happiness, he has had more than a usual share. Uniformly prosperous, blessed with a virtuous, sensible wife, children who caused him no pain by outrageous conduct, an allotment of bodily health and mental vigour, he obeys the law of all living, after having more than attained fourscore years, with as little of human suffering as well could be."

Silvanus and his wife lie buried in the Churchyard of the Old Parish Church of St. Nicholas, Brighton; the tombstones were repaired many years ago by Richard Bevan, the Brighton Banker, their last surviving grandson.

We can form some idea of Silvanus' appearance from two pictures which have been handed down in the family,* both of these portray him as a person of some solidity, a man of dignity and honesty.

His amiable wife was somewhat dominated by her masterful husband, and her yielding unselfishness even allowed of her rising from her comfortable armchair in old age, and politely offering it to her schoolboy grandson when he paid her a visit! Her portrait tallies with the traditions which have been handed down concerning her, and depict an elderly lady of a meek and melancholy aspect.

The names of Silvanus' sons and their wives are given below, and a complete list of their children and descendants in Note IV of Appendix, where blank

* The portraits of Silvanus and Louisa Bevan are in the possession of Cosmo Bevan, Esq. The other picture of Silvanus, which appears in this book, is owned by R. H. Bevan, Esq.



LOUISA BEVAN

(née Kendall)

1748-1838

pages have been supplied for the insertion of the names of future generations.

Burke's Landed Gentry gives a correct pedigree of Silvanus and his kith and kin, but the Bevan family tree has now so many branches that they cannot be dealt with in a book of this size.

The sons of Silvanus and Louisa Bevan :

- (1) DAVID, b. November 6th, 1774; m. May 7th, 1798, Favell Bourke, dau. of Robert Cooper Lee, of 30, Bedford Square, and Rosehall, Jamaica, by whom (who died August 25th, 1841), he had seven children. He died December 24th, 1846.
- (2) HENRY, b. November 4th, 1776; m. April 26th, 1802, Harriet, dau. of Simon Droz, of Portland Place London, and d. September 11th, 1860, leaving by her (who d. February 5th, 1852) two daughters.
- (3) FREDERICK STEPHEN (Rev.), Rector of Carleton Rode, Norfolk; b. October 11th, 1779; m. March 17th, 1806, Ann Elizabeth, dau. of Sir Robert Buxton, Bart., of Shadwell Court; she died April 7th, 1848. He died September 26th, 1859, leaving no children.
- (4) CHARLES, b. March 5th, 1781; m. 1808, Mary, dau. of James Johnstone, who died April 8th, 1854. He died May 13th, 1832, and had issue of five sons and two daughters.
- (5) GEORGE (Rev.), b. September 22nd, 1782; m. September 22nd, 1816, Anne, dau. of Andrew Buchanan, of Glasgow, and died December 12th, 1819, having by her (who died March 8th, 1831) one son and one daughter.

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- (6) ROBERT, of Rougham Rookery, Suffolk; b. May 5th, 1784; m. April 6th, 1810, Mary Peele, dau. of Rev. William Taylor, Rector of Swanton Morley, and died January 16th, 1854, having by her (who died April 24th, 1853), three sons and six daughters.
- (7) RICHARD, of Highcliff Lodge, Brighton; b. August 22nd, 1788; m. 1st, August 30th, 1823, Charlotte, dau. of Colonel Richard Hunter, which lady died May 27th, 1835; and 2nd, Sarah, dau. of Robert Cumming Dewar, of Clapham; she died without issue, August 3rd, 1883. He died February 4th, 1870, having issue by his first wife, one son and three daughters.

Silvanus' long life, extending from the reign of George II to that of William IV, covered an interesting period of English history, embracing the American Independence and Napoleonic Wars. He was the contemporary of Clive, Wellington and Nelson, and in his time the reins of State were held by Pitt and Fox.

It is to be regretted from the biographer's standpoint that Silvanus left no diaries, letters or other documents, so that but scanty material is available for compiling a sketch of his life.

We may assert without fear of contradiction that this shrewd old Banker ancestor, by his ability and business acumen, not only secured the worldly prosperity of his many sons, but was in large measure responsible for the affluent circumstances of succeeding generations of the family.



FAVELL BOURKE BEVAN

(née Lee)

1780-1841

CHAPTER IV

THE LEE FAMILY

“ I believe that if the history of any one family in upper or middle life could be faithfully written, it might be as generally interesting, and as permanently useful as that of any nation, however great or renowned.”—*Life of Sir Walter Scott.* LOCKHART.

IN view of the special interest that has always been evinced concerning the Lee ancestors, we think it advisable to turn aside for the moment from the Bevans and give a detailed account of Mrs. David Bevan's family. The wealth of material available renders the task somewhat bewildering, for hundreds of their letters have been preserved, which throw a remarkable light on their intimate lives and pursuits. The great interest in the Lees shown by their descendants may perhaps be attributed to any of the following causes : long residence in Jamaica ; the mystery concerning Priscilla Lee's parentage ; the great fortune bequeathed by Uncle Richard ; or the tragic suicides of his two younger brothers ? Whatever the reason, Romance is for ever associated with their name, and the publication of this book affords a fitting opportunity to tell their story, which can hardly fail to arouse a sympathetic interest in those who have followed them.

Joseph Lee was born late in the seventeenth century, but no records of his birth or parentage have yet been traced. We first hear of him as a merchant living at Hadley, Middlesex, who removed with his family in 1746 from the country to Starr Court,

Bread Street. A few of his letters are preserved, written in a clear artistic hand, and the following to his eldest son John in Jamaica, gives an account of his position and prospects at that time :

“ Starr Court, . . . October 25, 1746.

“ DEAR JACKY,—We have been in daily expectation of hearing from you that we might know how you was in your voyage. . . . Your Mamma gives you her kind love and blessing. Wee came here into Mr. Brent’s house at Michaelmas last ; it is a good house and furnished as we were used to do, and by God’s providence we live happily. I am in hopes of getting better business than when you left England, being concerned in an Office of Assurance on Ships and merchandise, have done some business, and most of my friends, Turkey merchants, promised me theirs, and I have a prospect of my Estate at Cairo turning out better than I expected. . . .”

On June 11th, 1748, Joseph Lee lost his wife Frances. Nothing is known concerning her, but it is probable that her maiden name was Cooper ; her children mention her with affection, and the following Epitaph was in after years found amongst Richard Lee’s papers. As the place of her burial is, however, unknown, it is impossible to say if it was actually engraved on her tomb.

“ Epitaph on Frances Lee, wife of Joseph Lee, of London, Merchant ; obit. 11th June, 1748, aetat 49. . . .

Removed from all the pains and cares of life,
Here rests the pleasing friend and faithful wife,
Ennobled by the virtues of her mind,
As Parent, Wife, Christian and Friendship shin’d
Constant in Goodness, and in Death resign’d,
Sure in the silent Sabbath of the Grave
To taste that tranquil peace she always gave ;

Her death (and such, O ! Reader, wish thy own)
 Was free from terrors and without a groan.
 Her spirit to himself th' Almighty drew,
 Mild as his Sun exhales th' ascending Dew."

An inscription to her memory was placed by her son Robert Cooper, on the Lee Family vault in Barnes Churchyard :

" Sacred to the Memory of Frances Lee, Wife of Joseph Lee, Esq., of the City of London, Merchant. Obit., June 11th, 1748, aetatis suae 49."

Robert Cooper, Joseph's second son, was born September 15th, 1735, and educated at Mr. Garrow's School at Hadley. Left to his own resources at the age of thirteen, he joined the Navy, served under Rodney and during his first year at sea was in action and gained prize money. His brother John writes from Jamaica, November 14th, 1748 :

" . . . DEAR BOB,—The success you have had in taking so many prizes is very agreeable to me, though as there is now a peace you will not be able to continue your conquests ; therefore I hope what you have taken will turn out greatly to your advantage. I believe you have changed your ship 'The Grand Turk' for 'The Ranger,' which is I suppose a ship of greater force than the other. . . ."

His cousin Sophia Sayer joins in congratulations to "Cousin Bobby," calling him "a seafaring young Rogue, and therefore the better able to go thro' the world, . . ." while his father sends "dear Bob Cooper" a bill of Exchange for £10. The Naval Paymaster addresses him as "Mr. Robert Cooper Lee," at Mr. Joseph Lee's in Bread Street, London :

" Portsmouth, 26th July, 1748.

" Mr. Lee,—I received yours, and it will be proper for you to have a £20 [. . . ?] attested by the Lord

Mayor in order to receive your prize money when payable. I wish it was ended, and hope you'll meet with good success, and believe me to be,

“Your sincere servant,

“R. LANGRAVE.”

A year later for some unknown reason Robert Cooper left the Navy and joined his brother John Lee in Jamaica, where he studied law in Mr. Rose Fuller's office at Spanish Town. No sooner had he left England than his father was taken ill, and although he derived some benefit from “drinking the waters at Islinton,” his painful internal malady increased, and after a lingering illness of seventeen months, he died on February 15th, 1751. He was buried in a vault at Bread Street Church, and crude details of his illness and death are sent by relations to the lads in Jamaica, who sincerely mourned their father's loss.

The next letters, alas! bring heavy tidings for Joseph is found to be penniless, as when his effects are realised, the sale does not produce enough to pay his debts. Frequent consultations were held between Aunt Sayers and Aunt Marlton regarding the future of the orphans at home, Joseph aged fifteen, and little Mary Charlotte. The boy was articled to Mr. Henshaw, the well-known Attorney of Cook's Hall, and eventually joined his brothers in Jamaica. Shortly before her father's death Frances, the eldest daughter, had married a naval purser, and in September, 1751, we find the Aunts sending news to Jamaica that “poor Fanny” (Frances) and her infant son had died, consequent on receiving the news of her husband's death at sea. The family fortunes were certainly at a low ebb. Mary Charlotte went to live with the Sayers, and afterwards married an Essex brewer, named Morley, of Starch House, Mapplestead. Her family considered this a good match “as the gentleman

has an income of £150 a year"! and her trio of brothers generously forward £500 from the West Indies for her dowry. But the marriage was not a happy one, and in 1768 Mr. Morley was imprisoned for debt. His wife and children then removed to Bury St. Edmunds, and her brothers again come to the rescue, providing her with an income of £130 a year. The boy was sent "to an excellent school in Yorkshire, where education, diet and clothing are given at a cost of £10 a year"! while his sister was provided with similar board and schooling for an annual charge of £15. Mrs. Morley died in 1782, when her niece Favell Lee, aged a year and a half, "was clothed completely in black from head to foot for her Aunt Morley."

The scene now shifts to Jamaica. John Lee must have died as a young man, for no further mention is made of him, but Robert Cooper and Joseph trading in many commodities, acting as shipping agents, and managing Estates and Plantations for clients at home, rapidly built up a West India connection. Their Scotch friend, John Allen, became their partner, the firm trading under the name of "Lee and Allen."

Robert Cooper Lee, however, devoted himself more exclusively to law, and we find him appointed in 1764 Crown Solicitor-General of the Island.

The Brothers Lee were evidently popular men in West Indian Society, for although they were diligent in business, they yet found time for social functions and convivial hospitality.

Among their close circle of friends may be reckoned John Allen and his delightful wife, the Symptons, Mr. Tubb and his daughter, Mrs. Royall, and many others. But their staunchest adherent was old Scudamore Winde, a breezy bachelor after whom Robert Cooper named his youngest son. He bequeathed £1,000 to Frances Lee, and some

Hertfordshire property to her father, and was inconsolable when the Lees left Jamaica.

His letters are emphatic and original, as shown by the following examples written to Robert Cooper Lee in England :

“Jamaica [undated, *circa* 1772) . . . “I most sincerely thank Mrs. Lee for her good wishes, and tell her that she left no friend behind who has a more sincere esteem or respect for her, and I pray her accept of some preserved Ginger, Tamarinds, and a Cask of Cashoe Nuts. . . .”

“Jamaica, *July*, 1773. Tempt me not, thou Syren, with thy delightful Spring, thy Linleys, Ranelaghs, thy Parkwalkers, etc. Charming Fatt Turtle, you Rogue—delicious ringtail pigeons—incomparable Black Crabs, match me these if thou canst ?

“What signifies thy sounds and thy prospects ? We fill our bellies, so eat thy rank fatt Mutton, and cramm’d Fowls, and hold thy Tongue ! . . . We are to be very gay in Spanish Town ; a Weeks Racing with Cockfighting for the Gentlemen and Cotteries and Balls for the Ladies. I hope Mrs. Lee took her trip to Bath, and that her health is perfectly restored. I was not easy about her till I received yours of March ; if she can rake it to the Play and leave you by the Fireside all is well. I must ever regard and esteem her—the repeated attention and friendship I have received from her bind her to me and hers. I most ardently pray God for the prosperity of you and yours, and that you consider me with much sincerity, dear Lee.

“Your affectionate Friend,

“SCUDAMORE WINDE.”

From the above letter we gather that Priscilla Lee was endeared to her friends through sterling

good qualities. A large number of her husband's and children's letters have been handed down, but unfortunately none of her own have been preserved, though frequent mention is made of her correspondence with relations. It is, therefore, a little difficult for the biographer to visualise her clearly; her Bible with the name "Priscilla Kelly" on the fly-leaf, now owned by a descendant, is her only remaining souvenir.

She was born in 1738, the natural daughter of Dennis Kelly, Chief Justice of Jamaica. His brothers Charles and Edmund were respectively Registrar in Chancery and Attorney-General, and married ladies of distinguished family on the Island. Elizabeth, Judge Kelly's legitimate daughter and heiress, married in 1743, Peter Browne, 2nd Earl of Altamont, and tradition has it that the Judge adopted Priscilla as his niece, and educated her with his own daughter. We know nothing of her mother beyond the fact that her name was Favell Bourke, a member of a good Irish stock, and related to the Bourkes of the Mayo clan, who were at that time resident in Jamaica. The Favells were also well known there in the eighteenth century, and it is highly probable that our ancestress derived her unusual Christian name from that family.

Frances (b. 1758) and Robert (b. 1763), the two eldest children of Robert Cooper and Priscilla Lee, were sent to England for their education at the ages of ten and seven. Shortly after their departure their parents decided to leave Jamaica, and make their permanent home in England, and sailed during the summer of 1771 with Richard, aged six, and Matthew, the baby. The party were accompanied by their faithful black "Mammy," Elizabeth Harrison, who served the Lee family for over sixty years, and was much beloved by all the children. "Dear Betty" is constantly referred to in their letters, and we may

judge of her kindly countenance and ample proportions from the clever pastel drawing of her old nurse by Mrs. David Bevan.

Robert Cooper Lee had entrusted his affairs in Jamaica to his brother Joseph, and was greatly distressed by his brother's death in October, 1772, aged thirty-six, within a year of his departure. Joseph Lee, though he died unmarried, left two sons by his companion "Miss Sally." One of them he confided to his brother's care, writing: ". . . I know my dear Brother I have no occasion to say anything about my child; it will be a great joy to hear of his being fixed under your kind auspices, whose benevolent hand will guide and direct him."

Robert Cooper educated John with his own children, and was well rewarded for his kindness; the boy entered the Army, and after a distinguished career, retired with the rank of General. Many of his letters to his uncle and cousins are extant, and the following description of a personal interview with Frederick the Great is worth recording. Captain John Lee writes to his uncle R. C. Lee, from Berlin, May, 1784:

"I set out from Brunswick the 9th of May, arrived here within three days after, and was introduced to the Ambassador, Sir John Stepney, a very polite man and the same day sent round 100 cards to different people of fashion here, and have received many in return, not to mention Dinner, Supper, etc., etc. . . . I was presented with many English at this Court to the Queen and all the Royal Family, from thence I went on to Potsdam to be present with permission at the Review, where I was presented to the King of Prussia (Frederick the Great, d. 1786), but was never so much disappointed in the ideas I had formed of the Greatest General, Statesman, and King in the World, when I saw a dirty, filthy little fellow

step forward ; the sharp eye that he was famed for is now quite dim, his threadbare coat covered with snuff, and his boots, which he never suffers to be cleaned, as dirty as you can well suppose them. I have seen him frequently since, but he is always the same nasty figure, but thank God ! for decency's sake, he washes his face now and then. . . .”

On arrival in England the Lees settled at Berners Street, removing subsequently to Cowley, Uxbridge, where they remained for some years. The children much enjoyed the country and were duly appreciative of English strawberries and green peas, and devoted most of their leisure time to riding, We may judge their father to have been a very keen sportsman, and thankful for small mercies, when he writes on September 6th, 1782 :

“ . . . You know Monday last was the first day of shooting. I was out at 5 a.m. with your Brother, Mr. Scott, Mr. Ross, jun., and the ‘Richmond Squire’ ; we had tolerable good sport, two Brace, one before Breakfast and the other after. Even Lord Berkeley’s Manors did not escape us. . . .”

Robert Cooper Lee was earning a handsome income at the Bar, which enabled him to educate his sons at Eton, Harrow and Winchester ; but his family were increased by Scudamore’s arrival in 1777, and Favell’s appearance in 1780. He therefore settled in a larger house at 30, Bedford Square, also buying a roomy old Manor House, Shredding Green, at Iver, Bucks., where the family resided in summer.

Robert Cooper Lee, though much engrossed with his Jamaica business and law, yet found time to write regular weekly letters, full of affection, wise advice and kindly humour to each of his sons. He was a charming and high principled man, and nobody can

read his letters without forming a favourable opinion of his worth.

The Lees were hospitable people constantly entertaining old Jamaica friends, receiving in return the West Indian sweetmeats they dearly loved viz., "Cassava, Balls of Chocolate, Ginger, Tamarinds and Cashoe Nuts." Consignments of Turtles frequently arrived by packet boat, with directions to forward these unwieldy customers to all parts of the country, and great was the delight of the Lee schoolboys when Bedford Square tactfully presented a fat turtle to their Headmaster !

Mrs. Lee and Frances attended Ranelagh and the Play, and were regular purchasers of Lottery Tickets, which were a constant source of excitement to the whole family.

In January, 1783, Robert Cooper Lee writes to his son Richard :

" . . . I have the pleasure to tell you that your sister is much better, insomuch that she accompanied your Mother to the Theatre last night, and Places are taken for to-morrow evening to see the celebrated Mrs. Siddons in the character of Jane Shore. You have no doubt heard of Mrs. Siddons' fame. This is her first winter in London, after being for some years on the Bath stage. She is sayd to be equal to the famous Mrs. Cibber. Their Majesties and the Royal Family have honoured her twice with their presence, and it is not usual for them to see Tragedy, which is her walk. . . ."

The death of their father, just as they were starting in life, when his wise guidance and financial backing was so greatly needed, was indeed a disaster for the Lee family ; the sons, with the exception of the industrious Richard, did not do justice to the high hopes he had formed of them.

Robert Cooper Lee died at 30, Bedford Square on March 20th, 1794; Priscilla his wife who, during her widowhood resided at 26, Berners Street, outlived him by three years and died on October 18th, 1797. The following inscriptions are copied from the Lee Vault in Barnes Churchyard:

“Sacred to the Memory of Joseph Lee, Esq., who died in the Island of Jamaica, October, 1772, aged 36 years.

“Also R. C. Lee, Esq., many years resident in the same Island, but late of Bedford Square, who departed this life, March 20th, 1794, in the 58th year of his age.

“In this Vault lie also the remains of Mrs. Priscilla Lee, wife of Robert Cooper Lee, Esq., who departed this life October 18th, 1797, aged 59 years.”

A précis of Robert Cooper Lee's Will is shown in Note V of Appendix.

To avoid confusion we now proceed to deal in succession with each member of the Lee family, for their life narratives differ in many respects.

FRANCES LEE

Frances, eldest child of Robert Cooper and Priscilla Lee, was born in Jamaica, October 30th, 1758, and baptised at St. Catherine Church, Spanish Town, on January 23rd, 1759, receiving the name of her paternal grandmother.

She was sent to England at the age of ten to be educated at Mrs. Endleigh's School at Streatham, where she was visited by her uncle, Joseph Lee, when he came to England in 1768.

Her parents had commissioned him to forward them a picture of the little girl, and we find him duly

executing their orders. Writing to the West Indies in 1769, he says :

“ I have had her picture taken by Cotes,* who is in great repute here, and is considered as next to Reynolds in the Art, and when it is completed it shall be sent to you by the first safe opportunity. The price will be a few guineas beyond the sum you mentioned, which I apprehend will not be disagreeable to you, and it will always remain a handsome picture, even after she has outgrown the likeness ; it is, I assure you, a very strong likeness of her.”

The picture, he further tells us, “ cost 30 guineas, and with a neat Italian fluted frame, the total expense was £36 8s.” It arrived safely in Jamaica and gave complete satisfaction.

This exceptionally charming portrait passed into the possession of the Bosanquet family, and was sold by public auction in October, 1915, for £504. Through a most unfortunate oversight it was not bought in by any of the Bevans, as had been intended, but was purchased by a dealer for an American client, and thus passed completely out of the family ken.

Frances Lee was an active woman, addicted to riding and walking and her intimate and humorous letters to her brothers reveal her as both shrewd and purposeful.

At her mother's death (which occurred when she was thirty-nine years old) she established herself at 52, Devonshire Street, where, attended by old Betty Harrison, she passed a comfortable and leisured existence.

She maintained regular correspondence with her sister, Favell Bevan, took a keen interest in her nephews and nieces and was in close touch with

* Francis Cotes, R.A. (1726—1770).

her brother Richard, her near neighbour in Weymouth Street.

We may conclude that Frances Lee's life held a secret romance, for she left written instructions to her sister to destroy all letters at her death, excepting family correspondence, "and I desire that she will implicitly fulfil, as she loves me, the disposal of a most precious packet, according to the instructions written thereon."

Frances Lee died December 6th, 1839, after a few hours' illness, aged eighty-one, and was buried with her parents in Barnes Churchyard.

ROBERT LEE

Robert, eldest son of Robert Cooper and Priscilla Lee, was born in Jamaica in 1763, sent at an early age to England and placed under the care of Mr. Stephen Fuller, for all necessary arrangements regarding his education.

Robert Cooper Lee thus writes to him from Jamaica, June, 1769:

" . . . My eldest son goes for England in the 'Jamaica' (Captain Hamilton) and will be introduced to you by my brother who will be in London, otherwise by my Friend, Mr. Blackwood, a Passenger in the Ship, who has kindly taken charge of him for the voyage. He is a healthy boy, and has just entered his seventh year. I flatter myself you will find him well disposed and free of any evil habits. He is tolerably apt, and his time here has not been unemployed, as he can both read and write, and has some knowledge of figures. I would wish to give him an education, so that he may be able to do something for himself when he grows up. . . . I should think an established good School in the country at a distance from London most

eligible, at least for some years, but you are so much a better judge than me of these matters, that I must beg to leave my Boy to your discretion in every respect to do with as you please. I have paid Captain Hamilton for the passage of Bob and the Negro Boy Cato who goes with him, and may return either with my Brother or Captain Hamilton. I beg my compliments to the young Ladies, your daughters, and return them my best thanks for all your civilities and attention to Fanny. And with great regard and esteem,

“I am, dear Sir,

“Your much obliged,

“ROBERT COOPER LEE.”

Harrow was the School selected, and at the age of seven Robert went there, and writes “to his Papa, that there were 286 boys at his School.” He remained there, however, barely two years, removing to Eton, where he became notorious for extravagance. Dr. Davies, the Head Master, threatened expulsion and writes to Robert Cooper Lee: “Your son’s bills are enormous, double what they should be; where he got this habit of expence I know not, but I think it my duty to prevent its pernicious effects further, for it has already done some mischief here.”

On leaving Eton Bob entered at Lincoln’s Inn Fields to read for the Law, but appears to have wasted his time and continued his extravagance.

His father writes to him in June, 1781:

“ . . . With regard to my Fortune, I have never deceived you. . . . The fact is that the principal part of my Fortune consists in my daily attention to my business—without it my annual Income would be very narrow, and I should be obliged to curtail my Family expences, as well as your allowance. I am convinced of having

allowed you most liberally at the rate of near £400 a year."

Robert Cooper Lee next decided to send Bob abroad, hoping that he might profit by foreign travel and return home a more sober and useful member of society. Vain hope! For some years he spends an enjoyable but idle existence wandering on the Continent, visiting France, Italy and Germany, mixing in smart society and acquiring some proficiency in foreign languages.

His ever optimistic father writes him a letter of warning and advice :

" Cowley, *November 9, 1784.*

" DEAR ROBERT,—I am very glad to find that you are awakened to your own situation, which certainly calls for your most serious thoughts. Time is not to be recalled. I will therefore draw a veil over the past, and only look forward. The Road is still open fair and easy for your Success, Honour and Comfort. Let me once more urge you to step into it, and to act and preserve with manliness. How many are there even of your contemporaries who would be happy to avail themselves of the prospect that courts you? Why will you spurn it? Look around and find if you can the man that has gained a desirable Situation in Life without application to make himself useful. Be assured you will never have the assistance of those who can be useful to you, unless you can help yourself, and be also useful to them. Your Conduct and Situation may incline them to pity you, but you will never have their approbation or Esteem. It may be necessary to repeat to you that it is impossible for you to have from me, whenever I may drop, more than equal to your present allowance, and should any accident render me unable to follow Business even that must be lessened during my life. I believe you'll find upon

Self Examination that most of your present Knowledge is rather superficial and that you have much to learn. Believe me, Habits of Application and Oeconomy are absolutely necessary for you to obtain. Each will aid the other in practise. I need not point out to you the ill consequences of Idleness and Dissipation, how insignificant and contemptible they render the Man, and how surely they lead to difficulties, meanness and disgrace. The only Foundation on which a Man can safely depend is moral Rectitude; on this with Application and Oeconomy he may insure Success, Independence and Satisfaction. With regard to your going abroad, I think you should above all things avoid going in Company, unless with a most intimate Friend, by whom you could not possibly be interrupted in your own Plan. You do not go for Pleasure, or to visit Courts. I recommend your taking a few letters of Introduction and a Servant, and a few Law and other Books. Avoid Paris if you can, if not, don't stay more than one day in it. Sit down in some Town at a distance from the Capital, where you can perfect yourself in the language—allot a time for Study and strictly adhere to it. You will soon find company, and Amusements enough for your leisure hours. Limit your expences, according to your Income, and let nothing make you swerve from that Rule. I will add only that you will ever have my most cordial wishes for your Welfare, and every assistance in my Power, consistent with the Duties I owe to the rest of my Family.

“ I am, your truly affectionate Father,

“ ROBERT COOPER LEE.”

Robert Lee and his brothers were very fine looking men of great height and commanding appearance. They were known in Society as “The Handsome Lees,” and the three eldest as “The Triumvirate.”

Petted by Duchesses and favoured by Royalty, with his good looks and charming manners, Robert became a spoiled darling of Society. Tradition has it that the Lees were connected with Mrs. Fitzherbert, but no mention of this lady can be traced in any of their letters. Robert and Matthew, however, belonged to the Prince of Wales' exclusive set, and were frequently in his company at the Pavilion, Brighton. Writing from Brighton in 1801, Matt informs his elder brother, "I assure you my Letter ought to have been taken literally, for, believe me, I never saw a man more anxious to see another than H.R.H. to have your company. He has been very gracious and civil beyond expression." . . . His sisters did not consider such regal attentions desirable for Robert, and Frances writes to Favell Bevan in 1806: ". . . Would that Bob had some occupation, it would I am sure be the best thing, better than princely favours, in which I think he is likely to bask 'ere long."

The Duchess of Devonshire (Georgiana), as well as Their Graces of Bedford and Manchester, were Robert Lee's intimate friends, and he pays many visits to them in town and country. Matthew writes to his sister: ". . . Mr. Robert has a nasty cough which even the rival Duchesses could not cure."

A neat little note, still faintly perfumed, is extant from the Duchess of Bedford to her friend Sue Manchester at Kimbolton Castle, to which she adds a P.S.:

"Do you ever see Bob Lee? The first time you do would you ask him to send me some Rouge No. 10—not pale—from Mad^m St^e Margueritte; if you will pay him I will refund immediately."

"Beau Brummell" (1779—1841) was another of Robert's companions, but only one letter, headed by

the characteristic opening, "10 a.m., Piccadilly Dawn"! is found from him amongst Bob's letters.

Richard Lee, on April 10th, 1841, thus comments on his death: "I see by the papers received to-day the death of Beau Brummell, at Caen on March 30," and added, "I think he has been long in distressed circumstances, living on the charity of friends, and had lately been confined in a Madhouse, aged 62. What a career! *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. Poor Beau!"

Robert Lee spent the winter hunting in the Midlands, which was his chief hobby and delight. He lived for weeks at a time with Samuel Whitbread, the Marquis of Tavistock, Lord Jersey, and other friends, and for many years made his headquarters with William Lee-Antonie, M.P., of Colworth Park, Beds. The latter had inherited large estates near Aylesbury, through his mother, a Lee of Hartwell, one of the oldest families in Bucks. It has not been possible to trace the connection between our ancestors and the Hartwell Lees, but Lee-Antonie certainly treated them all as cousins, while they refer to him as their kinsman and use the same arms and motto, viz., Lee Arms: 2 fesses Or; shield gules; chequer gules d'or. . . "Verum atque decens."

Frances Lee writes in 1806 to Robert, anent Lee-Antonie's Election: "Your kind letter my dear Bob, with the particulars of the honours attending the election of our patriot cousin did indeed make my heart beat with quicker motion; but whether from pride of ancestry, or affection for a descendant of the noble House of Lee, I will leave you to determine. With cousinly regard, I drink a bumper to his health."

Colworth Park was the headquarters of a convivial, pleasure-loving crowd, enlivened by the wit and gaiety of Lee-Antonie's mistress, Mademoiselle Rosalie Duthé (1748—1830), a celebrated French actress, who

corresponded in her native language with "Cher Bobbie," gibing unmercifully at the manners and customs of the dull Midland Squires. She is reported to have said of Robert Lee and William Lee-Antonie, "L'un est mon Lit de Parade, et l'autre mon Lit de Repos !"

Towards the end of 1806 Robert's health began to fail, owing doubtless to his dissipated life in early manhood, and he became a fretful hypochondriac and a great anxiety and problem to his friends and relations. Many doctors, various cures and endless plans were tried in vain ; at last, much against his will, Robert was persuaded to take a voyage to the Mediterranean, and he died of atrophy at Lisbon in June, 1810.

General John Lee, writes to Richard, who was greatly distressed at his brother's death :

"You have done your duty towards an unhappy Brother ; if two long years of severe suffering and bitter penance could prepare a mortal for another world, poor Bob is most fully entitled to it."

RICHARD LEE

Richard, second son of Robert Cooper and Priscilla Lee, was born in Jamaica, December 23rd, 1765, and on return to England was educated at Mr. Robert's, Wandsworth, proceeding to Harrow in 1777.

Though early destined for a business career, he evidently contemplated entering the Navy, and one of his father's letters to him gives sound advice, and is quoted as typical of the letters he so regularly wrote to his sons at school :

"Bedford Square, *February* 5, 1780.

"You have given me great pleasure, my dear Richard, by sending me two letters this week, in

return for two of mine last. I am always happy to hear from you, and desire you will on all occasions let me know your real inclinations and wishes. I find there will not be the least occasion to interrupt your studies at Harrow, in the contemplation of being an Admiral; if that is your Ambition I can get your name entered in the book of a King's Ship; and it will be time enough for you to make your appearance two or three years' hence, and then your time will be reckoned from being entered on the Book and you will have the opportunity of changing your mind, if you choose it without any inconvenience. And whatever your Station in Life may be you may rest assured the being well founded in Literature will be neither Crime nor Injury. I am extremely happy at your being so well with Mr. Heath and the other Gentlemen at Harrow, and I trust you will continue so. I flatter myself from your Disposition, you will long make me happy. Your Mama and youngest sister* are very well; Frances la-la. Bob and Scud hearty. The Welchs, Allen and Sympson dine with me to-day. Your Mama joins me in kindest love. God bless and protect you.

“ I am, your very affec. Father,

“ ROBERT COOPER LEE.”

Leaving Harrow, Richard went to Brussels in 1780, where he spent his time acquiring proficiency in French, and learning business in a Counting House. After eighteen months' residence in Belgium he went to Herr Lohmann's Office at Hamburg, specialising in German and shipping contracts, and in home letters is always playfully mentioned as “ The Merchant.” Steady and industrious, Richard was evidently his father's favourite, and the interesting weekly correspondence between them for four years has been

* “ The youngest sister ” was Favell Bourke Lee, aged one week.

carefully preserved, the boy's letters evincing thoughtfulness and intelligence beyond his years. From the mass of correspondence a selection has been difficult, but the following from Robert Cooper Lee seem worthy of record :

“ Cowley, *September 6, 1782.*

“ . . . The melancholy Disaster to the ‘ Royal George ’ and the brave and experienced Admiral Kempenfelt cannot be too much lamented—it happened in Portsmouth Harbour, and it was occasioned by a sudden squall when the Ship was on a Heel, and the Lower Deck Ports being open she filled and went down in three minutes ; near two-thirds of the people were lost ; about three hundred saved. I expect the pleasure of hearing from you every day. Pray give me some account of Hamburgh and the country about it, the Inhabitants, their Constitution and Customs, and some account of your own Employments and Amusements. May the Almighty guide and protect you, my dear Richard.

“ Your truly affectionate Father,

“ ROBERT COOPER LEE.”

“ I am just setting out for Avington, the Duke of Chandos’ in Hampshire, the Chaise is at the door, and a Gentleman who accompanys me waiting.”

Robert Cooper Lee warns his son against a new acquaintance he had recently made :

“ . . . A Gentleman, however agreeable in his Address and conversation, who is publicly known to have carried off his Ward from a Boarding School at the age of 12 or 13 and married her abroad, is not proper Company for any person of Character, especially in a foreign Country and among strangers. You know my dear Richard how much this is intended for your advantage and credit.”

“ Bedford Square, *January* 24, 1783.

“ MY DEAR RICHARD,—All Hail returning Halcyon Days ! Once more all Europe is at Peace ! Farewell the glistening Camp, the Clarion’s Sound, the solemn Trumpets, and the Din of War. In short the Preliminary Articles between Great Britain and France were signed at Versailles on the 20th Instant—the Preliminaries with Holland are not yet signed ; but a cessation of Hostilities is agreed upon. This important News was announced at Nine o’clock last Night. The Terms of Peace are not yet public, but I flatter myself they are as favourable to Great Britain as we could expect. In general, I hear that we keep Gibraltar, that the captured Islands in the West Indies are to be restored on both sides, and the affairs of India to be on the footing of the Peace of 1763. Trade in general, I conclude, must flourish from this Event, though that of the neutral Powers will be greatly lessened by it. As an instance of the extensive Trade under Neutral Flags, I am told no less than 22 Danish Ships are coming from India to Europe this year. The Hollanders I believe will be the greatest sufferers by the War ; the weaker generally go to the Wall. . . .

“ Your truly affectionate Father,

“ ROBERT COOPER LEE.”

On return to England Richard resided with his parents at Bedford Square, established himself in a West India House in Great Tower Street, and assisted his father in the management of his private Jamaica business.

When Robert Cooper Lee died in 1794, the whole weight of family cares and affairs fell heavily on Richard’s shoulders, for some time elapsed before his Father’s West Indian estates were sold, and

meanwhile he was beset with frequent calls for loans and advances from all his brothers.

He appears to have done his best under the most trying circumstances, and was as generous as the reduced family circumstances admitted. Later, when his two brothers committed suicide, largely owing to debts and monetary difficulties, Richard was haunted with the idea that he might be held in some way blameworthy, for he had occasionally refused loans, and conscientiously endeavoured to check their extravagances.

Viewing these tragedies through the vista of years we may pronounce him more to be praised than blamed.

Trusted and consulted by many throughout his long and successful business career, he was the friend and helper of all in difficulty or distress. His sisters turned to him in all their perplexities, and to Favell he was ever kind and helpful. He writes to her in a time of great difficulty :

“Be of good cheer ; the future may somehow or other make amends for the past. Never despair, for this is the height of irreligion. I shall always, whilst I have life, be your firm friend here.”

Richard Lee never married and lived chiefly in Weymouth Street, and latterly at Tunbridge Wells, cared for by faithful servants. In old age he developed miserly habits, insisted on penurious living and became somewhat suspicious of friendly overtures and visits. He died in 1857, at the age of ninety-two.

It is said that in early youth Richard expressed three wishes, all of which were gratified :

- (1) To live to a great age ;
- (2) To die suddenly and painlessly ;
- (3) To die a very rich man.

He left a fortune of £600,000, exceptionally large for his day, to be divided amongst his nephews and nieces the children of his sister Favell Bevan. So died Richard Lee, the last of his race! Principally remembered for his generous bequest to our family, let us not forget the part he played in the past as a dutiful son and devoted brother.

MATTHEW ALLEN LEE

Matthew Allen, third son of Robert Cooper and Priscilla Lee, was born in Jamaica, January 22nd, 1771, and brought to England as a small infant. His second name was given him in compliment to John Allen, the Lee's friend and partner, who stood Godfather to Matthew. "The Adonis" of the family, he was much spoilt by his mother. John Russell's charming picture of Matthew and Favell, which still remains in the family, is a striking testimony to his handsome appearance.

He went to Winchester in 1783, but we hear little of educational progress; his frequent letters to Bedford Square harp on the same themes—eagerness for the holidays—requests for money—and enquiries after his dearly loved pony. On leaving Winchester Matthew idled about town, and we hear no more of him until his marriage to Fanny Antonia Rachel Dashwood in 1794 is announced.

It seems certain that the young couple eloped, and as the marriage took place in Edinburgh, they possibly travelled via Gretna Green! Robert Cooper Lee died within a fortnight of his son's wedding, and his letter of congratulation, marked in Matt's handwriting, "My dearest Father's last letter to me," is still extant.

"March, 1794. Your Mother and Sisters send love, and all anxiously expect the glad tidings of your

perfect happiness by the indissoluble Knot. Your first duty as well as inclination will, I trust, be ever in your mind, to make the object of your affection happy, by affection and constancy, without giving the least cause for Jealousy. . . . Our cordial congratulations to your amiable Bride and yourself, upon the happy Union, that we conclude has taken place, and our warmest wishes that you long, very long, enjoy together the most perfect happiness. I flatter myself, Mr. Allen with his usual kindness would be present at the Ceremony. Our kindest regards to our justly esteemed Daughter, and be assured I ever am hers, and yours truly affectionate

“ROBERT COOPER LEE.”

His bride, aged twenty, the natural daughter of Lord le Despencer and Mrs. Barry the Actress (1734—1801) was such a complex and unusual creature, that it is not surprising that the hasty and imprudent marriage quickly proved a failure. Fanny Dashwood, the heiress, being a Ward in Chancery, Matthew was imprisoned during the summer of 1794 for marrying her without the consent of the Court.

Writing to Favell on August 9th, 1794, he says :

“I trust my confinement will not be of long duration ; the late season of the year will probably not enable us to settle matters now agreeable to the Court of Chancery. I therefore mean on Wednesday to apply to be discharged on giving security on my Wife, that the Court in the ensuing Term shall think it proper to direct.”

Fanny Lee's extraordinary life story confirms the theory that “Truth is stranger than fiction,” and in order that we may not be accused of exaggeration, we think it wise to quote the article on

Mrs. Matthew Lee from so reliable an authority as *The Dictionary of National Biography*.

“ Mrs. Lee (Rachel Fanny Antonia, 1774—1829), Heroine of a criminal Trial, and the subject of Chapter IV of De Quincey’s *Autobiographic Sketches*, was a natural daughter of Francis Dashwood, Lord le Despencer, and was probably born about 1774. The incidents of her early life have been related by herself, but in so confused a manner that it is exceedingly difficult to frame any coherent narrative from her statement. She was carefully educated and endowed by her natural Father with £45,000. She eloped about 1794 with Matthew Allen Lee, who married her, but she separated from him about a year and a half afterwards. Her husband was distinguished for nothing, says De Quincey, but a very splendid person, which has procured him the distinguishing title of ‘ Handsome Lee.’ She then lived in Manchester, whose society was dazzled by her beauty, astonished by her learning, and horrified by the violence of her attacks on Christianity. After continual quarrels with friends, she was in 1803 living in Bolton Row, Piccadilly, when on January, 1804, she eloped with a young Oxonian named Loudoun Gordon, accompanied by his brother, Lockhart Gordon, a married clergyman. There can be no reasonable doubt that the Gordons could not have carried off Mrs. Lee against her will, and that consequently the case was not one of abduction. That they behaved very badly to an unprotected and half deranged woman is equally certain. Mrs. Lee and her companions were pursued at the instance of Mrs. Lee’s Trustees, and overtaken at Gloucester, where Loudoun was arrested on a warrant. Mrs. Lee, under pressure it is supposed from her husband, committed the irreparable fault of appearing as a witness against the brothers at the

Oxford Assizes, March 6th following. Her examination was speedily stopped upon her declaration of disbelief in Christianity. The case against the Gordons having thus broken down, they were acquitted, though severely censured by the Judge ; and Mrs. Lee, regarded not unjustly as a false witness, was dangerously mobbed and had much difficulty in escaping. Mrs. Lee's friends then placed her with a Gloucestershire clergyman. There can be no doubt she was partially insane as regarded her perception of ordinary matters, while the higher intellectual faculties were so little affected that the 'Essay on Government,' which she published in 1808 under the name of 'Philopatria,' was, De Quincey assures us, highly commended by a reader so chary of his praise as Wordsworth. In 1808 she returned to London on hearing of the death of her husband, who had committed suicide. About 1810 she assumed the title of Baroness le Despencer, to which she had of course no claim. The rest of her life seems to have been spent in a series of disputes. She died early in 1829."

Matthew Lee, saddled from the first by heavy debts contracted during his first year of matrimony in an expensive establishment in Berkeley Square, was chronically hard up. His wife's money was tightly tied up, and although Richard Lee, a Trustee, strove valiantly to supply ready money, it was dissipated as soon as procured.

"I expect every day to hear of Matthew's appointment to a lucrative situation," writes a friend, yet despite attempts to obtain him a Government post nothing came of it.

Matthew wrote delightful letters to his sisters describing his hunting and amusements in town and country, but we can trace an undercurrent of boredom and ennui, and the unhappy man evidently

realised that his life was being wasted without achieving any useful purpose.

We know no details of his suicide, but his death is briefly announced in *The Gentleman's Magazine*: "At Colworth Park, Bedfordshire, Matthew Lee, Esq., February 14th, 1808."

General John Lee writes to his cousin Richard in a letter of condolence: ". . . No one can enter more into your feelings, or have a more brotherly participation of your sufferings than myself. Knowing that you have done everything which became a Brother, and would have done, and had offered to do whatsoever more might be required of you. No human foresight could go further. It is one of those very dreadful and wonderful circumstances in which no earthly wisdom or knowledge can afford relief, and our only comfort is to be derived from Resignation."

SCUDAMORE COOPER LEE

Scudamore Cooper, youngest son of Robert Cooper and Priscilla Lee, was born in 1777 and called after his father's old Jamaica friend, Scudamore Winde. John Russell's picture of Master Lee portrays him as a charming little boy in a scarlet coat, and is still a cherished possession of a member of the family. He was educated at Winchester, and his weekly letters to his father convey the impression of a daring, high-spirited boy. He entered the Army on leaving school, joining the 6th Foot (Royal Warwickshire) in Ireland. Military life was congenial to him, and he sends his sister Favell graphic descriptions of his brother officers, details of his shooting and hunting, and incidents of his regimental career.

The Lee brothers formed a mutual admiration society, and we find him writing to his sister :

“In a letter from a young man, a very particular friend of mine by the name of Augustus Henry Gordon he mentions that a Captain Chetham of the 47th Foot at Bermuda, in conversation with him about me said: ‘Our family was the Handsomest he ever saw. He alludes to the ‘Triumvirate,’ who I am sure will agree with me on that subject.”

In another letter to Favell he writes :
“Kilkenny, 1797.

“DEAREST PEBSY.—I now hang out at the Lodgings which I inhabited on my first arrival at Kilkenny, and with the addition of a Mr. Glubb, who is a brother lodger, as well as a Brother Soldier, the time passes very rationally away, and as he is among the ‘Corps des Agréables’ all things go on right and with bursts of laughter such as Mr. Bevan accuses me of. I am decently situated, but I must say something more of my Friend, the Banker. This Gentleman, if I have penetration (to which cast of character tout le monde pretend to, and so very few possess) has been very civil and constant in his attentions to you. I beg pardon for what I have just before asserted and entreat your forgiveness. . . . I had almost forgotten to have congratulated you on your attaining your seventeenth year. Very old indeed! God bless you, my dearest Favell, assure me by letter soon that I am still belov’d by you. . . . Your very loving Brother,

“SCUDAMORE COOPER LEE,
“Lieut., 6th Regt.”

“To Miss F. B. Lee, 26, Berners Street.”

We next find Scudamore quartered in Quebec, where he indulged with his usual zest in the delights of skating and sleighing. His stay in Canada, however, was not prolonged, for he obtained his company by

purchase on transfer to the 21st Foot (Royal Scots Fusiliers), then quartered in the North of England.

In 1804 he writes to Richard Lee from Chester :
 “ . . . Favell informs me of Bevan’s sickness, for which I regret at least as much on her account as on that of our sour grape devouring *beau frère*, but I think they are happy, and long may they continue so, is my sincere wish.”

From the very outset of his career Scudamore was hampered by monetary troubles. Richard Lee, as Guardian after his father’s death, advised, admonished and assisted his brother, but no permanent improvement resulted ; he borrowed freely in turn from his Guardian, the Banks and David Bevan. It is difficult to read his pressing appeals for help without compassion for poor Scudamore, who undoubtedly possessed the fatal Lee facility for extravagant expenditure. The young soldier was encumbered with the support of his illegitimate child, and his allowance was unable to bear the strain of a double establishment. In his last letter to Favell he thanked her for remembering his little daughter and her present of a book, mentioning she was just able to read, and regretting he was unable to have her with him at Chester. This girl, afterwards known as Marian Farmer, was carefully brought up by Mrs. David Bevan, and became a great family favourite. A refined and deeply religious woman, she earned her livelihood as a governess and died unmarried in middle age.

Scudamore was appointed Brigade-Major at Chester in 1804, and seemed destined for high military advancement. Shortly before his death Matthew Lee writes :

“ I heard from Scud a short time since ; he is all Life, Spirit and Joy, talks of Crewe Hall, Balls and

other Festivities without number. May he long enjoy them ! ”

The Lee family were deeply grieved on hearing that Scudamore had taken his life, for their youngest brother was greatly beloved, and high hopes had been formed of his future.

General John Lee hurried to Chester, and from his letter to Richard we learn the details of Scudamore's death, which took place on April 24th, 1805 :

“ Chester, *April* 28, 1805.

“ MY DEAR RICHARD,—After the fullest enquiries on the subject of the melancholy event which brought me here, I have the painful task of confirming the sad foreboding we had of the fate of poor Scudamore. Having been in a state of mind perfectly deranged for some time past, he put an end to his existence with a pistol at eight o'clock on the 24th inst. No cause can be assigned for this dreadful act. He had the esteem and the respect of every person in the town and neighbourhood. An Inquest was immediately taken, the Verdict Lunacy. If it is more possible to add more horror to this mournful act, it is that Duer was present in the room, and he has been in a state of distraction ever since. No money concerns could have been the cause, as he had nearly £100 in his desk, and his debts are few. Colonel Campbell and the Officers of his Regiment have conducted themselves with great kindness. The last sad office is to be performed on Tuesday morning at 7 o'clock (at Trinity Church, Chester). Besides the Sum I have mentioned above, it is thought that £100 is in a Bank at Liverpool, and £100 is due to an Officer of the Regt., being borrowed. The other Bills and accounts I hear are large. You may perhaps have expected more details but I assure you that in the situation of my mind at present, I am

not equal to the Task. With sincere regard, I am,
dear Richard.

“Yours, JOHN LEE.”

General Lee writes again four days later :

“ . . . I have heard from his friends that your poor brother frequently threatened to effect the sad purpose which brought him to his end. His conduct occasionally, and particularly a short time previous to the melancholy event, was that of a person not right in his mind.”

The story of the Lees ends on a tragic note, and it is sad to reflect on shattered hopes and misused gifts. Let us, however, call to mind the sterling qualities and upright character of Robert Cooper Lee, inherited by his daughter Favell and transmitted to her children. These memories of past lives contain for all time a warning and a meaning to those who come after.



DAVID BEVAN

1774 • 1846

CHAPTER V

DAVID BEVAN, OF BELMONT

“An affectionate regard for the memory of our forefathers is natural to the heart ; it is an emotion totally distinct from pride ; an ideal love free from that consciousness of requited affection and reciprocal esteem, which constitutes so much of the satisfaction we derive from the love of the living. . . .”—LORD LINDSAY.

IN the preceding chapter we have followed the romantic fortunes of the Lee Family, and must now retrace our steps and return to the Bevan ancestors, whose tranquil and methodical lives are in sharp contrast to the adventurous careers of the fascinating Lees.

David Bevan, eldest son of Silvanus and Louisa, and next in direct descent, was born on November 6th, 1774, and baptised at Bishopsgate Street Church. Educated at Winchester, he showed some classical ability, but destined for a business career, did not proceed to the University, and entered the Bank in Lombard Street at the age of seventeen.

In a letter written to Robert Barclay, the Banker by his Uncle David Barclay, mention is made of the young man's commercial training :

“We (Silvanus Bevan and David Barclay) had much conversation about his son David, and he desired me to mention to thee and thy brothers that he wishes his Son may be put into some situation in the Bank where he may be fully employed and responsible for the work being done ; he mentioned some Department in the Bank ; he also desired that he should attend and take his share in locking up, and likewise be sent

down to work after he had drunk one glass of wine, and S.B. is fearful lest you should be too kind to him and thereby make him idle."

This "Locking up" at the Bank must have been a somewhat lengthy and cumbersome proceeding, when we remember that it necessitated the daily lowering of Notes and Cash into a dry well on the premises for safe keeping during the night!

When twenty-three years of age, David became acquainted with Favell Bourke Lee, aged seventeen, who had just completed five years at Miss Olier's School in Bloomsbury Square. The prospectus of this select establishment, viewed in the light of modern school bills, is worth recording:

Terms for Board and Education at the late Mrs. Olier's in Bloomsbury Square, continued on the same plan by her daughters, 1793.

Entrance: Ten Guineas.

Board and Instruction in English and Needlework: Thirty Guineas a year.

Writing and Arithmetic: Half a Guinea Entrance, Three Guineas a year.

Dancing: One Guinea Entrance, Six Guineas a year.

Drawing: One Guinea Entrance, Six Guineas a year.

Musick: One Guinea Entrance: Eight Guineas a year.

Geography: One Guinea Entrance, Four Guineas a year.

An Account of what each Young Lady brings with her to Bloomsbury:

A Chest of Drawers, or One Guinea for the use of Drawers during the Young Lady's stay.

A pair of Sheets; 6 Towels; a Cup and Saucer;

A Table Spoon; A Tea Spoon; A Knife and Fork;

A Silver Cup, or a Horn Can plated.

Extra Expense: Washing, Four Guineas a Year

(unless the Young Lady is washed at Home).

Tea and Sugar: Three Guineas a Year

(unless the Young Lady brings it herself).

Miss Olier may have been a competent Instructress, but she certainly lacked humour, and we

wonder whether Favell "was washed at Home" to save four guineas!

Robert Cooper Lee died when Favell was fourteen years of age, and her mother three years later. Her sister Frances, twenty-three years her senior, and her brother Richard, were appointed guardians, and there is no doubt that they persuaded the inexperienced girl to accept David Bevan's proposal of marriage. From a worldly point of view it was an excellent match, for he possessed good looks, and was heir to a large fortune. The marriage was not altogether a success, for though as a young wife she encountered many difficulties, Favell proved a devoted companion, and lovingly tended her husband in the latter years of his illness.

Several undated letters written by David to his fiancée during their engagement are extant. The accompanying poems, not unjustly described by their author as "Jingles," possess little literary merit, but it was the mode of the day for the lover to woo in verse, and we append a specimen of David's poetic effusions :

"MY DEAREST FAVELL, . . . I have sent you the miniature for your candid opinion. I shall submit to your better Judgment, and therefore conceal my own till I know yours. I enclose the Jingle for your sole perusal not criticism. It is a poor imitation of what in the original I think there is but little to admire, and not very apropos from me. Why I wrote it I hardly know, unless that I am happier when I am employed in anything that concerns you. You are always present in my mind, sleeping or waking. May I be sometimes in yours! Assure yourself of my warmest sincerest affection, and if you can, love me as much as I love you. Adieu.

"For ever yours, D. BEVAN."

The following poem is not the one referred to in the preceding letter :

Fair Favell, rival of the rosy dawn,
Called her light choir, and trod the dewy lawn,
Hail'd with rude melody the newborn May
As cradled yet in April's lap she lay.

Born in yon blaze of orient sky,
"Sweet May!" thy radiant form unfold,
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

For thee the fragrant Zephyrs blow,
For thee descends the sunny shower,
The rills in softer murmurs flow,
And brighter blossoms gem the bower.

Light Graces draped in flowery wreaths,
And tip-toe Joys their hands combine,
And Love his sweet contagion breathes
And laughing, dances round thy Shrine.

Warm with new Life, the glittering throngs
On quivering fin and rustling Wing,
Delighted join their votive songs
And hail thee, Goddess of the Spring.

D.B., 1798.

"MY DEAREST LOVE, . . . I cannot wait till to-morrow to thank you for your note, which by the bye is dated Saturday morning! This is a little paradoxical certainly, but you have my forgiveness for this Error, as you will always have for anything you can do. I should not say you will have my forgiveness, for you will never see my resentment, and from the best of reasons that it will not be possible for me to feel any towards you. But why, my dear Favell, am I to be addressed without an appellation? I would sooner be called Pompey or Dash than be saluted in blank. Now for the lines; you are right

when you declare them simple—what you add in the Critique I am afraid I cannot read—it is something about Truth. This is a quality I shall always strongly lay claim to, and you will I am sure believe that I never practised it more sincerely, than when I assure you of my unalterable love and affection.

“If you possess not my heart, I am sure I never had one, for I am completely convinced I have none now at my disposal. I have accidentally had a gay party to-night, and not without the fair Sex, abundance of singing, and not bad. But you, my dearest Favell, have been as ever uppermost in my mind.

“I thought Love would make a Man happy, but I am miserable in your absence, except when I assure you how truly and how ardently I shall ever be,

“Your most affectionate and devoted,

“D. BEVAN.”

“Friday Evening.—To the hour of eight to-morrow I look with loving expectation. Adieu. Yours ever.

“To Miss F. B. Lee, 26, Berners Street.”

On their marriage on May 7th, 1798, at Marylebone Church, the young couple spent their honeymoon at Riddlesworth.

A delightful letter addressed to the Bride and Bridegroom by their great uncle, old David Barclay, has been carefully preserved, and the wise advice it contains is as applicable to young married couples to-day, as it was in the year 1798 :

“To David Bevan, Riddlesworth, Harling.

“Walthamstow, 15th of 5th Month, 1798.

“MY DEAR NEPHEW AND NIECE,

“The account of your Wedding afforded me not a little satisfaction. I most cordially wish you much

uninterrupted happiness; this, I consider, as dependant in great measure on yourselves. If men employed one half the attention to *preserve*, as they do to obtain the object of their affections, and if Women concealed their imperfections with the same care, as they do when they are courted, there would be much fewer 'unhappy marriages'; and if both often reflected that as two minds are rarely formed alike, condescension becomes equally necessary, and it should be an invariable rule, if you cannot always command *Good Temper*, never to be out of temper the same time, nor ever to contend about trifles, the mind being generally guarded against matters of importance. I have only to add that the more 'you live within the bounds of *Moderation*, the more domestick comfort you will experience, and the fewer disappointments. Accept this advice from an old man, who has been twice happily married, and be assured that on your return I shall be pleased to see you under my Roof, and in your way to London if it suits you. I am with love to your Father and Mother,

"Your affectionate Uncle,

"DAVID BARCLAY."

During the first two years of their married life the David Bevans lived at the Bank in Lombard Street, and here their first child, a boy who died at birth, was born. From the City they moved for a short time to 59, Upper Guildford Street, thence to 9, Russell Square, finally settling down at 14, York Place, which suited them well, "the house being close to the fields, the children could take their daily walk into the country with their nurse." Their family now consisted of three little girls, Louisa, Favell and Frederica, the eldest a pretty attractive child, her father's favourite, and much spoilt. An old Jamaica friend, Mrs. Boyd, wrote to Favell Bevan in 1806:

“How happy would your Father and Mother have been to see their grandchildren; Mr. Lee was the best male nurse I ever saw, and would never have been without one of your Trio in his arms. Mrs. Lee would have indulged them more than she did Matt. *He* was only permitted to paw the Sugar Dish, but *Louisa* might wash her hands in the Cream Ewer!”

In 1808 David and his family left London for Hale End, Walthamstow, a roomy old house, named after Thomas Hale, who had owned the property in 1634. It was conveniently situated for the City, as at that time the daily journey to the Office or Counting House had to be made on horseback, or by post-chaise. His wife, who was delicate, suffered greatly from headaches, and the shock of her two brothers' suicides within so short an interval told considerably on her health. Scudamore's death was a terrible blow, for he was her special companion, nearest to her in age, and united by mutual ties of affection; the letters which they interchanged under their pet names of “Scuddy” and “Pebsy,” were both intimate and delightful.

The great sorrows which befell Favell at this period doubtless changed her outlook on life, and she became narrow in her views and somewhat morbid. She deliberately renounced worldly enjoyments and dedicated her life to God's service. Miss Clara Claire, her children's governess, a clever energetic woman of great piety, had undoubtedly a strong influence on Favell and the entire household; her pupils were devoted to her, and in after years Louisa named her eldest daughter Clara (Mrs. Meyer), in memory of her old friend and governess.

Her other spiritual mentor was Rev. George Collinson, the Minister of an Independent Chapel at Walthamstow, a compelling and persuasive preacher, of limited outlook and ultra-evangelical views. The

following little incident gives an indication of Favell's state of mind at this time.

One Sunday, when Louisa and Favell were driving to Chapel with their mother, she noticed that they took great pleasure in some pretty wreaths of flowers round their Hats; greatly distressed at such worldliness, she there and then unpicked the wreaths from the Hats, before they set foot inside Mr. Collinson's dissenting Chapel!

In 1809 David's eldest son was born and named "Robert Cooper Lee," after his maternal grandfather. It has been said that he was baptised at the Chapel by Rev. George Collinson, but the following entry from the Register at the Parish Church proves this was not the case:

"July 15, 1809. Robert Cooper Lee, of David and Favell Bevan; born February 9, 1809.

"I certify that the above is a correct extract from the Registers of Baptism for the Parish of St. Mary's, Walthamstow.

"THOMAS PASSEY, Vicar."

Richard Lee, the second son, was born in 1811, and named after his maternal uncle, and two years later his brother David Barclay, called after his paternal great-great-uncle. David and his wife were evidently conservative in their tastes, and kept to the old family names, a fashion not adhered to by succeeding generations. Their youngest daughter, Frances Lee, was born in 1819, Louisa, her elder sister, being nineteen years her senior.

David's children, who were now growing up, began to find the narrow and monotonous life at Hale End somewhat tedious and dull. Moreover, it appeared expedient to afford them the greater social and educational advantages which London would offer.

The Walthamstow home was sold about 1822, and the family came to 42, Upper Harley Street, and entered upon a London season, attending balls and theatres, while later in the year visits were paid to Brussels and Paris.

After some search round London for a suitable country house, David Bevan bought an estate at East Barnet, which he named Belmont. The house, formerly known as Mount Pleasant, was situated in both counties of Hertfordshire and Middlesex, the boundary actually passing through the mansion itself. The house had been planned by Inigo Jones, and for a short time was the residence of Elias Ashmole (1617—1692), the celebrated antiquarian. Passing in quick succession through the hands of seven owners, it was sold in 1823 to David by John Kingston. The house was pleasantly situated on a hill overlooking pretty country, and surrounded by a park, walled garden and wood.

In 1825 Louisa Bevan married Augustus Bosanquet, but was not far separated from her own people, as they settled at Osidge, Southgate, hardly a mile distant from Belmont. This proximity was a source of much delight to Louisa's parents, and her children looked upon Belmont as their second home, and became great favourites of their youthful uncles and aunts.

The year 1826 was one of considerable anxiety, for David Bevan had a paralytic seizure, and his case was considered hopeless, but his constitution was strong, and he gradually regained health. He was unable, however, to resume his normal life, and was obliged to retire from active partnership in the Bank, where his place was later taken by his son Robert, who also directed the management of his father's private affairs.

Until the time of his death David lived an invalid life, carefully tended by his wife, whose character and

outlook had considerably widened since the days of early married life. She was a talented artist, a good linguist, and took a keen and personal interest in the upbringing and education of her children, who were devotedly attached to her, their father never occupying the same place in their affections. Possessed of sound judgment, her outstanding qualities were generosity and ready sympathy. She had a genius for attracting to her side people in distress, and the children were wont to assert that should their mother evince a liking for a new acquaintance, it might be relied on that such person was the victim either of grief, ill-health or poverty. Loving service for others was the keynote of this good woman's life, and the lines written by her daughter Favell inscribed on her tombstone, well express the high ideal for which she ever strove :

“ She lightened many a weary pilgrim's load.”

Favell Bourke Bevan died after a short illness on August 25th, 1841, aged sixty-one. The following tribute was written by an intimate friend after her death.

“ Gentleness of spirit was the outward attire in which she appeared, while every word and action bespoke in her the life of the inner man. Many are the instances fresh in my recollection of her love to the Saints, and her ready disposition to do good to the household of faith. And there was in her a delicacy of manner with such warmth of benevolence as in no instance to give pain where obligation was conferred.”

David Bevan lacked the forcible character of his old Father, but he possessed good looks, business ability, and a certain flair for *objets d'art* and pictures. Mr. Dennis, who was both a friend and an art connoisseur, assisted him in his collection of pictures,

and no doubt persuaded him to buy works by foreign artists, such as Poussin and Claude, the vogue at that time, but which have failed to retain their popularity. Thus was lost a golden opportunity to purchase at a low price, as the nucleus of a really valuable and interesting collection, such works as those of Constable, Gainsborough and Turner. Many of David's pictures are still retained in the family, together with some fine specimens of his French furniture.

David Bevan's end was indeed a tragic one, for he was burnt to death in his house at Belmont. He was last seen seated in his dining-room one morning, reading his letters in front of the fire. The butler hearing the bell, hurried into the room, to find his master standing in flames before the fire. The servant promptly threw him down and rolled him in the hearthrug while shouting for help. David had evidently stood up to warm himself, when his dressing gown caught fire, and partially paralysed he was unable to assist himself, but bravely insisted on walking back to his bedroom. He suffered little pain, for the burns were so extensive that the nervous system was completely destroyed. He passed peacefully away on December 24th, 1846, aged seventy-two.

David and Favell Bourke, his wife, lie buried in the Bevan Family Vault at Trent Church, which was built by their son Robert in 1838.

We conclude this chapter with separate accounts of the seven children of David and Favell Bevan, all of whom survived their parents. Distinguished for their good looks and vitality, all were long-lived, though Mrs. Mortimer somewhat lowered the record by dying prematurely at seventy-six! Their seven lives totalled 584 years, averaging eighty-three and a half years, a satisfactory history from the eugenic standpoint. One wonders how these relations with

their vigorous constitutions would have borne the stress and turmoil of the twentieth century, or faced the harassing problems bequeathed by the Great War ?

LOUISA PRISCILLA BOSANQUET

Louisa Priscilla, eldest child of David and Favell Bevan, was born in London on December 21st, 1800, and named after her paternal and maternal grandmothers. She was an engaging, pretty little girl, somewhat spoilt by her father, and as the first child of the family much appreciated by her relations. Educated at home, she studied French and Italian, and though she attained some proficiency in botany, drawing and painting, evinced but little interest in either music, fiction or poetry. When she grew up Louisa went abroad with her parents and on return home met her future husband, Augustus Henry Bosanquet, at a ball. He was eight years her senior, and of distinguished Huguenot descent ; during early manhood he served in the old East India Company, and returning to England joined a firm of merchants in the city.

They were married at Marylebone Church on June 20th, 1825, and took up their residence at Osidge, Southgate, where they lived in great happiness, much occupied with the education and well-being of their five sons and three daughters.

Shy and sensitive by nature, Louisa Bosanquet had little opportunity of mixing with the outer world ; her outlook and environment were therefore limited, but amongst her own people she was a leader and adviser, while her warm and generous-hearted disposition endeared her to all with whom she came in contact.

Her time was chiefly devoted to her children, and numberless letters to them after they married and left home are still preserved. Although Osidge was the permanent home, she also spent much time in her other house at Ramsgate. Her ideas on hygiene were in advance of the day; she insisted on open windows, daily baths and fresh air, and the children were apt to complain bitterly of their mother's Spartan ways.

Religion was the mainspring of Mrs. Bosanquet's life; winter and summer she rose regularly at 6.30 a.m. for prayer and Bible study. In old age, snow white hair and rosy cheeks rendered her attractive in appearance, and her grandchildren to-day cherish her memory with real affection.

She died on April 11th, 1883, her husband having predeceased her on February 19th, 1877.

FAVELL LEE MORTIMER

The sketch of David Bevan's Family would be incomplete if due prominence was not given to his second daughter, Favell Lee (1802—1878), whose remarkable gifts as an educational authoress were known and appreciated by countless children of the Victorian era.

Her unique personality rendered her conspicuous in her own immediate circle, but it is as the friend of Cardinal Manning (1808—1892) and writer of *Peep of Day* that she exercised much influence on her generation.

As a child somewhat unattractive in appearance, but precocious and intelligent, she was very painstaking in any task she undertook. At the age of twenty, being much troubled in spirit about matters of religion "she entered on a thorough examination

of the Truth, having previously resolved that to whatever issue she brought it, she would abide by her convictions, however great the sacrifice demanded of her." This examination deepened her spiritual faith, and kindled a love for God which was never quenched.

In the year 1831 she became deeply interested in Henry Edward Manning (a College friend of her brother Robert's) who, beset by religious doubts, was also much puzzled regarding the choice of a future profession. Manning was six years her junior, and their friendship at first ran on ordinary lines, but gradually intellectual interest developed into affection, and she was fascinated by this remarkable young man.

Her mother foresaw difficulties and wrote in November, 1831: "Do not be too anxious; Henry Manning is in the hands of One who can guide by his Counsel and fit for his own work. Do not be too elated at his praise of your reasoning, nor allude to his talents. He is in delicate health, and may be unequal to much mental conflict."

The romance of Favell's life ended quickly, for in May, 1832, by her mother's advice, she closed the correspondence with Manning, and received his farewell letter, which he concludes as follows: "By my admission into your family and more especially to the correspondence with yourself, I owe the larger part of the feelings and principles which will, I hope, regulate my future life."

His sympathetic Roman Catholic biographer writes :*

"At Harrow Robert Bevan and Henry Manning were friends, and his parents living at Totteridge, the respective families were intimate. In the spring of 1831, Manning went to stay at Belmont, where he

* *Life of Cardinal Manning.* Shane Leslie.

made a very real friendship with Miss Favell Bevan, authoress of *Peep of Day*, etc. ; together they studied the Scriptures and discussed the things of God. There survives a keen diagnosis by his spiritual mother, Miss Bevan, which is so unique and penetrating as to save reams of biographic research and conjecture. Ecce Manning. 'I know of no power in which he is deficient. Pride is the natural accompaniment of talent. This is the ruling passion of H.E.M. He is a complicated creature and calculated to disappoint expectations in some respects, and at some seasons. Yet we may take a flight beyond the warmest hopes of those who wish him well. I fear he will occasion his friends to lead an unquiet life if they give full scope to the interest they may feel. He will himself need the exercise of no ordinary vigilance to steer his course right, of no common degree of faith to enjoy a moderate share of repose.' Of the three Women who entered into Manning's life, Miss Bevan's influence was the most important ; the others were Miss Maurice and Florence Nightingale."

At the time of David Bevan's death, Manning re-opened correspondence with Favell, and the following three letters relate to this period :

"Lavington, Petworth, *March* 15, 1847.

"MY DEAR MRS. MORTIMER,—Long as we have kept silence, and far as events may have parted us assunder, I nevertheless believe that we have ever cherished kindly thoughts of each other, and that we have been united in desiring the Love of God above all things. . . . Robert wrote and gave me an account of your dear Father's death, from which I learned in all that befell his end, there was yet great mercy and lovingkindness. Little as I have expressed for years, I can truly say that I have a lively recollection

of the affection of your dear Mother, and of all the kindness I received from both your parents.

“My object in writing is to ask whether the letters and papers written by me to you, now fifteen years ago, are destroyed, or still in existence? If in existence it would be both a satisfaction and a benefit to me to receive them; in exchange, I would, if you desire it, forward to you your corresponding papers. Any parcel directed to 3, New Bank Buildings, would be safely kept for me. May He who alone can give all good gifts abundantly bless you for all your prayers and words of charity for my sake. . . .

“Believe me, my dear Mrs. Mortimer,

“Yours very faithfully,

“H. E. MANNING.”

“Lavington, *April* 17, 1847.

“MY DEAR MRS. MORTIMER, . . . I will send by an early opportunity the parcel of letters directed to you to New Bank Buildings (No. 3). I have no copy of any portion of them. I mention this because I feel that all exchanges ought to be complete. But for a part of your kind letter I should not have written again so soon. But I could not have you for one day entertain (if it were possible you should) any doubt of the thankful and kindly feelings with which I read your frank and sincere words. I accept them as a gratifying assurance that even long silence, many changes and supposed influences of ill have not in your belief taken from me the disposition in which you confided many years ago. It has been God's will to send me an illness of which I have said little; neither wishing to alarm my friends, nor to deceive myself by premature hopes. For some time past I have been getting down in health, and at last a cold fell on my throat and lungs. My doctor did not

hide from me his anxiety, and if it please God to restore me, my next winter must be in a warmer climate. I desire to leave myself in those Hands, out of which never issued to me all my life long, anything but love and mercies. . . . If it please God I hope to move (for as yet I have not left the house for nine weeks) on Sunday next to London, and if you would come and see me at 44, Eaton Square, I will let you know the time of my coming up. With all old and kind regards, which consciousness of differences does not lessen. Believe me, my dear Mrs. Mortimer.

“Yours most sincerely,

“H. E. MANNING.”

This visit was duly paid by Mrs. Mortimer, and the following account of it is given by her niece, Mrs. Meyer :

“She paid this visit in June, passing an hour with him in Cadogan Place. There was no controversy, but a reproof. He thought her manner was not sufficiently serious, and so gently reproved her that she almost cried—nay, did shed a tear, for he looked very thin and seemed to think he should not live. She thought their parting was affecting ; he was to write when abroad and tell her how he was. She wished she could feel more assured about him. His last words were ‘You little know how much I owe you.’ She could hardly make up her mind to leave, fearing he would die.”

He wrote a final letter on July 2nd, 1847 :

“MY DEAR MRS. MORTIMER, . . . I must not leave home without thanking you for your visit, the sermon you so kindly sent me, and your last letter. And in doing so I wish to express clearly the object for which I sought the meeting you were so kind as to

give me in London. Where any good has been received we owe our thanksgivings to the Giver of all Good, and a part of thankfulness is to acknowledge our gratitude to any whom He may so far favour as to employ in his service. A sense of what I owe to Him, during my whole life, and in the most trying portions of it, and of what in those portions I owe to you, made me desire before I left England to express it. This, which was my last word, was my first and almost my only object. I had no desire, except so far as accords with the Kingdom of God, to re-awaken any kindly feelings of the past. Still less had I any desire to profess agreement, where it does not exist. My second letter stated that in the foundation of all we have no difference, but that in other points we probably differ more than you are aware. Least of all did I invite you to a discussion of differences from which the recollection of past kindness, as well as the highest reasons, would I hope have restrained me. My object was both simple in itself, and fully accomplished, so that I feel to have no more that I need add to this than the assurance that morning and night I pray God to return a hundredfold to you what you endeavoured and desired for my sake. There is, through the divine Love of our Lord, a Time Coming, and a Kingdom, when all shall know each other, even as they are known. Until then we can well wait and pray in hope and charity.

“ Believe me, my dear Mrs. Mortimer,

“ Yours ever faithfully,

“ H. E. MANNING.”

Favell devoted much of her time to religious instruction of the school children of Fosbury and East Barnet, and realised the lack of suitable books for such work. She therefore collected the notes of her lessons and wrote *Peep of Day*, which she refers

to as "her Baby book" which Messrs. Hatchard undertook to publish. Encouraged by its immediate success, she further wrote *Reading without Tears, Kings of Israel and Judah, Line upon Line, Far off and Near Home*, and several other books, which had a very large sale in their day, but have since been superseded by more up-to-date publications.

The gifted authoress had a wonderful insight into a child's mind with the knack of imparting truths and facts, in a simple yet attractive way; her nephews and nieces bear testimony to the absorbing interest of "Aunt Favell's" lessons and Bible stories.

On April 29th, 1841, Favell Bevan married Rev. Thomas Mortimer, an Evangelical Minister, then in charge of an Episcopal Chapel in Gray's Inn Road. In later years he moved to Broseley and in each parish received much sympathy and assistance from his wife. Mr. Mortimer was a widower with two daughters, one of whom died young; the other, Harriet, developed brain trouble, and was eventually placed under restraint, a great grief to her stepmother, who was truly devoted to her. Their marriage proved a very happy one, though not of long duration, for Mr. Mortimer died after a short illness on November 25th, 1850.

Two years previous to this event, the Mortimers had adopted Lethbridge Moore, whose acquaintance they made while he was at the University studying for the ministry. When he was appointed Vicar of Runton, near Sheringham, Favell Mortimer took up her residence there, in a house which she built and called "The Rivulet," where she spent the remainder of her life. During later years she interested herself in the care of several orphan children, living in her house, whom she educated and started in trade. As an old woman, however, she developed eccentric habits, which rendered the poor orphans' lot far from

enviable ! It is to this period of her life that the stories of Aunt Favell's eccentricities, with which we were regaled in childhood's days, may be traced. Such as the tale of Mrs. Mortimer accompanied by the docile orphans, driving her donkey chaise out to sea, the animal being blindfolded for this hazardous journey. The adventurous party, engulfed by the waves and in considerable danger, were with difficulty rescued by friendly fishermen !

Mrs. Mortimer, as the result of a paralytic seizure, after several months illness, passed peacefully to her rest on August 22nd, 1878, and was buried at Sheringham Church.

FREDERICA EMMA STEPHENSON

Frederica Emma, third daughter of David and Favell Bevan, was born in London, November 24th, 1803. Her personality was a little colourless, for she possessed neither the good looks of Louisa, nor the intellectual gifts of her sister Favell, but was both amiable and warm-hearted.

On February 1st, 1834, she married Ernest Augustus Stephenson, who held a post in a Government office, and for many years they resided in London. "Uncle Ernest" was the same age as his wife, and a general favourite with her family : a man of great charm and good abilities. Having no children of their own, they adopted Ashburnham (Banner) Floyd, the son of their friend Sir Henry Floyd, Bart., who proved a disappointment to them in after years.

Ernest Stephenson died March 13th, 1855, but his widow survived him many years ; the latter part of her life she lived at Folkestone, where she died, September 23rd, 1886.

The life of Robert Cooper Lee, eldest son of David and Favell Bevan, is fully described in the next chapter.

RICHARD LEE BEVAN

Richard Lee, second son of David and Favell Bevan, was born at Hale End on May 15th, 1811, and at eleven years of age was sent to a local school at Walthamstow. In a letter to his Uncle Richard Lee he thus describes his Master's wife, Mrs. Carmatt: "She has a mouth nearly from one ear to the other, and a long nose and green eyes. He flogs about twice a day." He accompanied his brother Robert to Harrow, but left in 1826, probably owing to a gun accident in which he shot off the third and fourth fingers of his left hand. His Father then sent him to a Mr. Delap, at Geneva, to learn French; from there in the same year he went to Mr. Fowle's at Amesbury, and remained till 1827. The following year he went to another tutor at Harringworth, Rutlandshire. He had hunted from earliest childhood on a pony at Walthamstow, later with Lord Radnor's hounds at Amesbury, and in 1828 with the Pytchley under Mr. Osbaldeston. When at Harringworth he ran his pony, Pickle, in a race at Rockingham, which he won, and some amusing letters on the subject are preserved. His father appears to have objected to paying the cost of training the pony, and suggested that the cup should be sold to pay expenses. The boy, while admitting that he entered the animal to add to its value, was averse to such a plan and pleaded for the £5 required. As the Cup is still in the possession of the family, presumably his request for the £5 was admitted, and it is on record that he refused an offer of fifty guineas for the pony.

On leaving Harringworth in 1829, Richard started on a business career, for which he had

neither desire nor aptitude; but he soon abandoned it as his tastes were entirely for country pursuits, more particularly for hunting. In his devotion to sport, as also in appearance, he resembled his handsome Lee uncles, and was a typical example of the old-time foxhunting English squire. Richard Bevan injured his leg in a riding accident in Hyde Park, which resulted in a stiff knee for life. He had numerous hunting accidents, several times concussion of the brain, broken collar-bones, and many heavy falls, and it was said with a good deal of truth that he had broken nearly every bone in his body. He had perfect "hands" on a horse, iron nerves, and did not know the meaning of fear. A great fighter at school, he once challenged a well-known sportsman to a duel, and drove out from Brixworth with his second to demand an apology for what he considered an insult, and *got it!*

His nickname of "Daredevil Dick" was well earned, for we are told that at Harrow young Dick sent up his own name for a flogging, in order to be present at the flogging of another boy reported to be lacking in courage!

When hunting with the Duke of Grafton's hounds he met Isabella Loraine Smith, whom he married on September 10th, 1840. They lived for some time with David Bevan and then removed to Flore Fields House, Weedon. They remained there till it proved too small for their growing family, and after residing at Blisworth Hall, finally settled down at Brixworth, Northants.

In 1872 Richard Bevan's eyes were affected by cataract, and, to his great grief, he was obliged to sell his horses and give up hunting. Two operations were successful, and when well over seventy he again bought horses, and re-started hunting, riding as hard as ever, and continued until within a few years of his

death. His wife died in 1885, and the old man on a bitterly cold day rode six miles by the side of the hearse which carried her to the grave.

Though a pronounced Tory, he was not greatly interested in public affairs, but was a regular attendant on the local Bench and Board of Guardians. He cared little for money, and was very careful of his personal expenditure, though generous to his children, to whom he was a most devoted father.

Richard did not hold such decided religious views as many of his brothers and sisters, but was a consistent churchgoer, and a great reader of sermons of a strictly Evangelical type. From conscientious motives he never attended theatres or race meetings, but was broadminded enough not to condemn those who did not agree with his personal views.

At one time he was in the habit of using strong language, and was rebuked for so doing by an intimate friend; such was his self-control that from that day forward no bad language ever escaped his lips. He died on February 12th, 1900, aged eighty-nine, and was buried in the Churchyard of St. Sepulchre's, Northampton, where many years previously he had secured a grave and had his name engraved on the stone. He left five sons and four daughters.

DAVID BARCLAY BEVAN

David Barclay, third son of David and Favell Bevan, was born March 9th, 1813, and educated at Eton and Oxford. At the University he used to ride with his friend Henry Manning, and on one occasion they were found by an irate farmer trespassing on one of his fields. Manning immediately rode off, leaving young Bevan to bear the sole brunt of the farmer's wrath. Manning's secession from the Protestant faith was the cause of a life-long breach, and they met

for the last time accidentally on the Brighton front. Barclay at once said : " May God guide you into the right way " ; upon which the Cardinal replied : " May He so guide us all," and the conversation seems to have so begun and ended.

After his ordination Barclay held a small benefice, transferring later to another near Rye. Here he began to build a new Rectory, but got no further than the foundations, which are still known as " Bevan's Mound " ! From Sussex he removed to Northants, where he held the living of Burton Latimer. His last charge was Hertford Heath, where, through his instrumentality, a new parish was formed, and the Church and Vicarage were built. He may be said to have had a decided taste for building houses for other people to live in.

Barclay Bevan displayed earnest zeal in the discharge of ministerial duties, and was a beautiful reader ; his views were strictly evangelical and somewhat narrow. His education for the young was a blend of the Victorian system of " shalt not," with the added application of Solomon's principles of not " sparing the rod " ! In old age he was loveable and gentle, while just and true in all his dealings. He loved peace and ensued it and was rather the Quaker than the Fighter in spirit.

On leaving Hertford Heath he resided at Tunbridge Wells, until his death on January 31st, 1898. Barclay Bevan was four times married ; in 1836 to Agnes Carus Wilson, by whom he had five children ; secondly in 1857 to Catherine Brock, who survived her marriage only two years, leaving one daughter ; thirdly, in 1860 to Rachel O'Brien, who lived but a short time, by whom he had one daughter ; and fourthly, in 1866, to Annis Wood, by whom he had two sons and one daughter. Rev. Barclay Bevan outlived his last wife by seventeen

years, and was cared for in old age by his unmarried daughters.

FRANCES LEE MORIER

Frances Lee, fourth daughter and youngest child of David and Favell Bevan, was born on April 5th, 1819, and was nineteen years junior to her sister Louisa Bosanquet.

In youth she was a fine horsewoman, of middle height, and remarkably slight and active in all her movements. She was a clever, well-read woman, a good linguist with some talent for drawing, and a lively conversationalist. On July 13th, 1841, at the age of twenty-two, she married Captain William Morier, R.N., who then left the Service and was promoted Rear-Admiral on the retired list; though twenty-nine years her senior, he was young and vigorous for his age, and the marriage proved a very happy one.

The Moriers lived at Eastbourne till the Admiral's death in 1864, when his widow removed to Tunbridge Wells, where she resided for many years until her death on March 20th, 1903. There were five children of the marriage, of whom one died as a child.

The last of her race, and living to a great age, "Aunt Fanny" formed a link between the Georgian and Victorian eras, and the younger generation still have pleasurable remembrances of their visits to the attractive old lady, who possessed so much humour and sympathetic interest in the affairs of others.

CHAPTER VI

ROBERT COOPER LEE BEVAN, OF TRENT PARK

“ The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.”

ROBERT COOPER LEE, eldest son of David and Favell Bevan, was born at Hale End, Walthamstow, on February 9th, 1809, and given the full name of his maternal grandfather. His birth gave great pleasure to his parents, already the possessors of three little daughters, and as a child he was indulged and allowed to do much as he liked. In after years he spoke of his mother with great affection, but though his father was proud of him there was never a very close intimacy between them.

He was educated at Harrow, where he joined in all games, but specially delighted in cricket, for which he retained a keen interest throughout life. His chief hobbies were riding and hunting, and from earliest childhood he was at home in the saddle, and perfectly fearless. He rode down “The Devil’s Dyke” at Brighton, a dangerous feat only once previously accomplished by a man called “Mad Wyndham.” As a schoolboy he used to play all sorts of wild pranks on horseback, and the ride to church on Sundays with his brothers was enlivened by jumping the hedges *en route*.

He gave up hunting shortly after his marriage, on conscientious grounds, but was always a good judge of a horse and took the keenest personal interest in his stables.

Leaving Harrow, Robert went to Christ Church, Oxford, but was unable to complete his 'Varsity course, owing to his father's serious illness, when he was hastily recalled home at the age of nineteen.

It then became evident that David Bevan could never return to business, and at the early age of twenty his son entered the family Bank in his stead. It is said that the senior partners in Lombard Street expected to keep the reins of government exclusively in their own hands, but it quickly became evident that this young man had a strong will and ability, which could neither be neglected nor ignored.

An excellent man of business, Robert Bevan spent fifty years in the City, and with justifiable pride witnessed and assisted in the expansion of Barclay, Bevan, Tritton & Co. into one of the leading banking concerns in the kingdom. Little, however, did these shrewd bankers of a hundred years ago foresee the enormous proportions to which their business would attain, and great would be their surprise to-day if they could peruse the current balance sheets of Barclays Bank, Limited.

In 1864 the cramped old premises at 54, Lombard Street were demolished, and a more modern building erected. During the two years that this occupied the business was moved to the Quaker's Meeting House in George Yard, then disused and condemned, and the galleries utilised for ledger rooms. Great cause for cheap jokes about Quaker ancestry was thereby given!

Robert Bevan lived with his parents at Belmont and 42, Upper Harley Street, devoting his spare time to hunting and shooting. At the age of twenty-seven his views of life were greatly changed and, partly through the preaching of Rev. and Hon. Baptist Noel, aided by the prayers and influence of his mother and sister Favell, he renounced worldly pleasures, and

henceforth devoted himself wholeheartedly to the things of God.

In later years he spoke of things that he regretted to look back upon in early days. "It is a mistake," he said, "to deny that there are pleasures in sin; I had many of such pleasures, but they are for a season, and leave behind a bitter remembrance."

Shortly after his conversion, not without qualms of conscience, he decided to attend a ball at Hitchin Priory, given by the Delmé-Radcliffes, in order to meet Agneta Yorke. We may be sure that he never regretted this decision, for it was the occasion of his proposal of marriage to his future wife.

A copy of the letter he wrote to her brother, the Earl of Hardwicke, asking his permission to marry her, has been found amongst R. C. L. Bevan's papers, and as it may be of interest to his descendants, we give it in full:

"To Lord Hardwicke [undated, *circa* December, 1836].

"My LORD,—Had the weather been propitious to hunting, I had proposed to avail myself about this time of the invitation to Wimpole, you were so kind as to send me by Eliot. The occurrences of the last few days, however, make it right for me no longer to use that plea for wishing again to visit Wimpole. In short, I have had the pleasure of meeting Miss Yorke at the Priory, and have there made proposals to her, which she has been pleased most graciously to reciprocate. I have therefore only to hope for your Lordship's approbation of my suit, and I trust that since I have obtained Miss Yorke's consent, you will see no reason to withhold it. I am quite aware of the difference in our Stations in Society, but I have reason to hope that will not be considered by you as an insuperable objection. In regard to my fortune, I may say that it is ample, since it is so when measured

by the wants and wishes of, I believe I may say, both parties; it is only right, however, to disclaim the possession of that sort of wealth which I conceive the world often attributes to me. For myself, in your eyes, I am sure, the most important point, I can of course say nothing, but I venture to hope that your Lordship during the short time I have had the honour of being known to you has seen nothing so far to disparage in me, as to make me appear an undesirable connection for your Sister. Having thus laid my case before you, I have only anxiety to await your Lordship's answer, which I trust will include the renewal of the now doubly wished for invitation to Wimpole.

“Yours very truly,

“R. C. L. BEVAN.”

Lord Hardwicke wrote a brief and encouraging reply to Robert's letter, which included both his consent to the engagement and the desired invitation to Wimpole.

Agneta* Elizabeth Yorke came of a distinguished family, for her great-grandfather was Philip Yorke, the famous Lord Chancellor (1690—1764), a position also held for a very brief time by her grandfather, the ill-fated Charles Yorke. Her father, Admiral Sir Joseph Sydney Yorke, K.C.B. (1768—1831) entered the Navy at the age of fourteen, served in several engagements under Rodney, was afterwards appointed First Sea Lord at the Admiralty, and represented Reigate for many years in Parliament. Retiring as an Admiral, he spent his later years at Sydney Lodge, a charming house on the Hamble River, which Sir Joseph built from prize-money earned during the French Wars.

* See Note VI of Appendix for information regarding the name of Agneta.

The following account of his tragic death gives all that is known of the accident which took place on April 5th, 1831 :

“ He was in a small sailing yacht returning from visiting Lord Hotham’s Flagship at Spithead. Coming over from Portsmouth with Captain Bradby, Captain Young and one or two men of the crew, the boat was struck by a heavy squall in a thunderstorm somewhere off the Hamble River, and they are all supposed to have been struck by lightning. Sir Joseph Yorke’s body was found floating, the boat was picked up derelict in the West Channel, and there was no one left to tell the tale.”*

The wedding of Robert Bevan and Lady Agneta Yorke took place at Wimpole, near Cambridge, on February 24th, 1836, and after spending a few days at Belmont, the young couple proceeded to Fosbury for their honeymoon.

The following letter from Mrs. David Bevan was addressed to them at Fosbury. We may doubt whether the simple pastime of battledore and shuttlecock would be sufficiently exhilarating for a modern honeymoon, but Bobbie assured his mother in his reply that they had much appreciated her forethought, and battledore and shuttlecock combined with riding served to pass away the time.

“ Belmont, March 1, 1836.

“ Such very kind letters my dear Children could not fail to put pen in my hand immediately. You will believe that we have thought of you constantly, and greatly grieved at the weather having been so unpropitious, but it is a pleasure to think you had sunshine within. We rejoiced no less than yourselves at your being at Belmont on the Thursday and truly

* *Charles Philip, Fourth Earl of Hardwicke*, by Lady Biddulph of Ledbury.

happy was I, that our arrangement to prolong our stay in town prevented our feeling we were turning our dear Children out to the pitiless weather on Friday morning. I hope that my little Bobby has been looking in his Mother's Drawers, and found two battledores and shuttlecocks which I provided for such extremities. . . . It is good for children to respect their parents, and most kind in my son to say good word upon good word for his Mother; however, dearest Agneta, frail as I am, I feel your interest and mine in all things are one, and I greatly rejoice that however we may trespass, we set out together with that first ingredient in a cordial friendship which is a disposition to overlook each other's faults and to place all confidence in each other's good intentions.

“Your most affec^{nate} Mother,

“F. B. BEVAN.”

David Bevan was desirous that his eldest son should reside near to him at Belmont, and the adjacent estate of Trent Park, being then in the market, he bought it, and gave it to his son. Tradition has it, that attending the Sale Room out of curiosity when the Estate was auctioned, David fell asleep, and nodding at the psychological moment, awoke to find himself the owner of Trent Park, and this legend actually appeared in the newspapers in 1909 when the property changed hands. This story is assuredly fictitious, and probably originated in the fact that David Bevan was a frequent attendant at sales of pictures and furniture, where he may on occasion have indulged in forty winks!

We learn from Lyson's *History of the Environs of London* that “Sir Richard Jebb (1729—1787), the late celebrated physician, having procured a lease from the Crown of a piece of land containing

about 200 acres on Enfield Chace, surrounded it with a pale, stocked it with deer, and built a Villa after the Italian model, which he called Trent Place. After Sir Richard Jebb's death, the lease of these premises were sold to Lord Cholmondeley, and the property is now (1796) owned by John Wigston, Esq."

The following account of Trent Park* may also be of interest: ". . . Trent Park was formerly the residence of Sir Richard Jebb, Bart., to whom George III granted a lease of 200 acres, of which he afterwards purchased the freehold. On conferring the dignity of Baronet on Dr. Jebb, His Majesty gave the estate the name of Trent Place, in commemoration of the great medical skill by which the life of his brother had been preserved in his severe illness at Trent in the South Tyrol. The estate, which consists of about 1,000 acres, covered with magnificent timber, the growth of centuries, gives some idea of what Enfield Chace must have been in its primeval state. The moated site of the reputed Manor House of Enfield before referred to, called Camlet Moat, is in this park. The scene is thus described by Sir Walter Scott in *The Fortunes of Nigel*: '. . . The sun was high upon the glades of Enfield Chace, and the deer with which it abounded were seen sporting in picturesque groups among the ancient oaks of the forest, when a cavalier and a lady sauntered slowly up one of the long alleys, which were cut thro' the Park, for the convenience of the hunters. The place at which he stopped was at that time little more than a mound, partly surrounded by a ditch, from which it derived the name of Camlet Moat. A few hewn stones were there which has escaped the fate of many others that had been used in building different lodges in the forest for the royal keepers. These vestiges

* *History of Enfield.* Ford.

marked the ruins of the abode of a once illustrious but long forgotten family, the Mandevilles, Earls of Essex, to whom Enfield Chace and the extensive domains adjacent had belonged in elder days. A wild woodland prospect led the eye at various points through broad and apparently interminable alleys, meeting at this point as from a common centre.' This Moat is also said to have been the lurking place of the notorious highwayman and robber, Dick Turpin, whose grandfather, one Nott, kept 'The Rose and Crown,' by the Brook at Bull-Beggar's Hole, Clay Hill. The moat was distant but a few miles from the scene of Turpin's exploits at Finchley Common, whence he could easily conceal himself in such a place, in the then wild state of Enfield Chace."

Robert Bevan and his wife made their permanent home at Trent Park, varied by occasional visits to Fosbury and Collingwood House, Brighton, while their time was fully occupied with the care of their growing family. The marriage was an exceedingly happy one, for Lady Agneta was in perfect sympathy with her husband's religious views, and in spite of the worldly advantages which lay within her grasp, she restricted herself to the somewhat rigid line of conduct they had agreed upon. She won all hearts by her charm of manner and simple goodness, and rich and poor were alike devoted to her. In appearance Agneta was fair in colouring and exceedingly "*petite*," her diminutive stature forming a complete contrast to her husband's great height; possessed of a ready humour, she inherited the Yorke taste for music and art.

Trent Park and the village of Cockfosters were outlying parts of the parish of Enfield, some three miles distant, and in 1838 Robert Bevan built Christ Church, Trent, to provide a more

conveniently situated place of worship for the district.

Twenty years later he built at his sole cost the Church at Fosbury, and in countless other directions he was a generous and open-handed giver.

The responsibility of his great wealth weighed heavily upon him, and he once remarked: "How often in Church I feel that prayer for myself—in all time of our wealth, Good Lord deliver us." Not only did he spend his income freely for charitable purposes, but he also bestowed practical interest, time and thought on the religious and philanthropic organisations which he financially supported. He was but little concerned with the gratitude evoked by his generosity, but gave anxious and prayerful consideration to the many appeals to his charity, despite the fact that the recipient of his bounty did not always prove grateful to the donor. He often said, "I would rather be deceived in several cases, than miss helping one deserving one." He was one of the founders of the "London City Mission," which to the end of his life remained an abiding interest.

After fifteen years of happy married life, the sudden death of Lady Agneta on July 8th, 1851, was an unexpected and overwhelming blow to her husband and children. For many years she had suffered from asthma, and had been prevented that summer from making her usual visit to Brighton to guard against attacks of hay fever. Asthma had interfered with sleep for some days previous to her end, but as she had made no complaint, no alarm had been aroused. At half-past two on the morning of July 8th she awoke in a state of great breathlessness, and removed to her armchair by the open window; her brother, Eliot Yorke, was who staying at Trent, was hastily summoned, but within fifteen minutes, fully conscious and perfectly resigned, she passed away.

Lady Agneta Bevan left four sons and two daughters, her eldest little girl, the dearly-loved Lucy, having died in 1845 at the age of four.

Assisted by Lydia Marsh, his wife's maid, who remained throughout her long life in the family, Robert Bevan devoted his time and attention to the motherless children.

It was not until April 30th, 1856, that he married his second wife, Emma Frances Shuttleworth, a near neighbour at Totteridge, where she lived with her mother and sister; her father, Bishop of Chichester, a remarkably able man, had died some years previously.

Frances Bevan possessed unusual intellectual and literary gifts, was the authoress of several religious books, notably *Three Friends of God* and a translation of Tersteegen's hymns, and also had a great talent for drawing. In middle life she joined the "Plymouth Brethren," and thereafter led a secluded life, partly on account of ill-health, which somewhat prevented her joining in the social and active occupations of her children. Mrs. Bevan was an excellent "raconteuse," and her arresting conversation and original trend of mind were much appreciated by her intimate friends. She died at Cannes on March 15th, 1909, aged eighty-two, leaving three sons and five daughters.

Herkomer's picture, which is treasured in the family, is an excellent likeness of Robert Cooper Lee Bevan, and represents him as a dignified and handsome figure in old age.

Towards the end of his life he suffered greatly from gout, which completely crippled his hands, but though enduring much pain and discomfort was never heard to complain.

On account of his health the London house, 25, Prince's Gate, was sold, and the Villa, Châlet Passiflora, bought at Cannes, where he passed the

winters, returning to Trent and Fosbury for the summer months.

During the winter of 1889 his strength began to fail, and he was persuaded to take the long journey home from the Riviera to England. He never would lie down in a train and always wondered why anybody should be tired by a journey. The strain proved too much for an enfeebled constitution, and after lingering for some weeks, he died at Trent Park, on July 22nd, 1890, aged eighty-one, and lies buried with his parents in the family vault in Trent Churchyard.

Robert Bevan's character was not a complex one. Vigorous of mind and body, straightforward and absolutely uncompromising, regardless of consequences, he did what he considered right. His personality was a blend of love and severity, and incapable of deception, he had a horror of lying or deceit in others. A God-fearing English gentleman who did his duty in his day and generation, his name will always be held in grateful remembrance.

FRANCIS AUGUSTUS BEVAN

(1840—1919)

It is with some diffidence that I write the following brief sketch of my father's life, for although a casual acquaintance might view him more clearly and impartially, it should surely be possible for one who loved and lived with him, to portray him faithfully.

The History of the Bevans would be incomplete were his name omitted, his descendants already numbering many great-grandchildren, and it is for them and their children we have gathered up these family records.

Francis Augustus, second son of Robert and Agneta Bevan, was born at 42, Upper Harley Street on January 17th, 1840, educated privately under

Rev. R. S. Tabor (who afterwards removed to Cheam) and proceeded to Harrow, under the rule of Dr. Vaughan.

From Harrow, after two years of foreign travel, he went to the Bank at Lombard Street, where he gathered the knowledge of men and affairs which others derive from books and college. This fact is noteworthy, for a certain limitation of outlook was inevitable in one so early called to a business career. Diligent in his profession, kind and conciliatory in his dealings with his fellow-men, he was singularly free from any tinge of ostentation. My father had a real love for music and art, and had been a good singer as a boy; throughout life he regularly attended classical concerts and picture galleries with delight. He took a keen interest in cricket, was fond of horses and riding, and much enjoyed motoring and touring in his car.

Foreign travel specially appealed to him, and he frequently visited Switzerland and the Continent, journeying also to Palestine, Egypt, America and Canada. At the age of sixty-eight he went to India, but the pleasure of this trip was marred by a bad illness, which necessitated an early return home.

His predominant bent, however, was towards a political career, and many believe that he would have made his mark in Parliament. Those who heard his easy and fluent utterance when speaking, will recall the pleasant, friendly way in which he gained the sympathy of his audience. His father dissuaded him on the grounds of health, for he was never really robust, from becoming a parliamentary candidate. Although his days were fully occupied with business, he devoted much of his leisure to the cause of Christianity and philanthropy, spending many evenings in badly ventilated Mission Halls and crowded meetings.

He was open-handed in his generosity, and his family were often dismayed at the ease with which the professional begging letter writer extracted sums from his pocket before the necessary investigations had been made. But though my father was undoubtedly sometimes deceived by the unworthy, he nevertheless assisted innumerable deserving people, and one prefers to remember the many unknown and humble individuals whom he relieved of their burdens and sent on their way thankful and rejoicing.

He was a man who unconsciously drew forth affection from all around him, but owing greatly to lack of imagination, and a curious reserve, found difficulty in revealing his innermost feelings to his nearest and dearest. Of even temperament, he was somewhat inclined to take the line of least resistance, and his chief characteristic was a keen sense of humour, with a great enjoyment of a joke or good story. He did not inherit the rugged strength and decision of his father, but in short stature, appearance and character more nearly resembled his mother.

He had a special liking for the company of young people, and all children were attracted to him, while the latest arrived grandchild was always a new joy.

It would be impossible in this brief sketch to enumerate the large number of charities and missions with which my father was associated, but mention should certainly be made of "The London City Mission," "The Church Patronage Trust," "The Colonial and Continental Church Society," and "Christ's Hospital"—to all of which he devoted much care and personal attention.

The death of Robert Cooper Lee Bevan in 1890 enlarged my father's position, and he left Ludgrove, where he had lived for many years, and moved into his old home, Trent Park, which he altered and

modernised, at the same time reconstructing and improving Trent Church.

I believe the twenty years he spent at Trent were probably the happiest of his life, but after the death of his wife and youngest son, and when all his children were married, he found the place too large for his needs, and felt the time had come to dispose of it. The property was not freehold, but held on a ninety-nine years' lease from the Duchy of Lancaster, which was drawing to a close, and in 1909 the estate was sold to Sir Edward Sassoon, Bart.

My Father living in Princes' Gate had always spent the winters in London, and on leaving Trent Park he settled at 1, Tilney Street, Park Lane, a delightful old Mayfair house to which he became much attached.

Towards the close of his life he had to face the troubles and anxieties of The Great War, which weighed heavily on old people, who, less adaptable, than the younger generation, were sorely perplexed by the removal of familiar landmarks, yet he remained as ever patient and uncomplaining.

My father's long connection with the City afforded him congenial occupation, and he loved to dwell on the memories and friendships of days gone by.

Fifty-eight years intervened between 1859 and 1917, years which marked his coming to Lombard Street and his resignation as first Chairman of Barclays Bank. He may be said to have died in harness, for he continued to attend Bank boards and committees until laid aside by his last illness. During the early winter of 1918 his strength slowly declined, due to old age, rather than to any specific disease, and on August 31st, 1919, aged seventy-nine, he passed to his rest. He lies buried in the family vault in Trent Churchyard.

The memory of my dear father remains an abiding presence with all who loved him. He had a true and lively faith in the eternal verities, and found inspiration for daily life in prayer and the study of his Bible. "He walked humbly with his God," and devoted both time and substance to the welfare of those around him.

"One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh." May those who follow after us cherish, with pride and affection, the memories and traditions of their Bevan Ancestors.

"Deus Praesidium."

THE DIRECT BEVAN DESCENT

WILLIAM BEVAN (1627—1702)

Priscilla, his wife

SILVANUS BEVAN (1661—1725)

married 1685, Jane Philipps

TIMOTHY BEVAN (1704—1786)

married

1st, 1735, Elizabeth Barclay

2nd, 1752, Hannah Springall
(née Gurney)

SILVANUS BEVAN (1743—1830)

married

1st, 1769, Isabella Wakefield

2nd, 1773, Louisa Kendall

DAVID BEVAN (1774—1846)

married, 1798, Favell Bourke Lee

ROBERT COOPER LEE BEVAN (1809—1890)

married

1st, 1836, Agneta Elizabeth Yorke

2nd, 1856, Emma Frances
Shuttleworth

FRANCIS AUGUSTUS BEVAN (1840—1919)

married

1st, 1862, Elizabeth Marianne Russell

2nd, 1866, Constance Hogg
3rd, 1875, Maria Trotter

COSMO BEVAN (1863—)

married, 1891, Marion Leila Sullivan

DESMOND RUSSELL BEVAN (1892—)

married, 1921, Dorothy Lucy Martin

THE BEVAN PEDIGREE

WILLIAM
1627

SILVANUS BEVAN
1661—1725

Elizabeth Barclay = TIM
1714
1745

Silvanus b. and d: 1737	Priscilla 1737 1772	= 1757	Edmund Gurney 1723 1796	Silvanus 1739 1742	SILVANUS 1743 1830	= 1769	Isabella Wakefield 1752—1769
						= 1773	Louisa Kendall 1748—1838

DAVID 1774 1846	= 1798	Favell Lee	Henry 1776 1860	= 1802	Harriet Droz	Fredk. Stephen 1779 1859	= 1806	Ann Buxton	Charles 1781 1832
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R. C. L. Bevan
1809—1890
F. A. Bevan
1840—1919
Cosmo Bevan
1863—
Desmond R. Bevan
1892—

BEVAN
1702

Jane Phillips
d. 1727

1752
Y BEVAN = Hannah Springall (née Gurney)
1704 1715
1781 1784

Walter Paul = Amelia Moseley
1744
1773

1776
Joseph Gurney = Mary Plumstead
1753 1751
1814 1813

Mary Johnstone	George	=	1816	Anne Buchanan	Robert	=	1810	Mary Taylor	Richard	=	1823	Charlotte Hunter	
			1782				1784				1788		= Sarah Dewar
			1819				1854				1870		

APPENDIX

NOTE I.

Silvanus Bevan, the elder son of Paul Bevan, of Swansea, had a son, also named Paul (1783—1863), who married Rebecca Capper. Their son William (1812—1876) married Sofia Read, by whom he had five children, the late Paul Bevan, Mary Crewdson, Antonia Williams, Constance Topham and Elsie Blomfield.

NOTE II.

The Précis of Silvanus Bevan's Will (Folio "Rushworth" 207), copied at Somerset House.

Silvanus Bevan, Citizen and Apothecary of London.

I give to my Sister Priscilla Inman £50, as a token of my affection, she being possessed of a sufficiency.

I give to my Sister Mary Padley £60 p.a. for life.

„ „ „ Elizabeth Cornock £60 p.a. for life.

„ „ „ Susannah Bevan £60 p.a. for life, and £100 as a Gift.

„ „ „ Rebecca Phillips £60 p.a. for life.

I give to my Nephew Silvanus Griffiths £40 p.a. for life.

„ „ my Niece Jane Stevens, wife of Edmund Stevens £30 p.a.

„ „ my Nephew William Padley £500 over and above the £200 already given him.

I give to my Niece Martha Collier £250, over and above what I have given her at her Marriage.

I give to my Niece Jane Cornock, £400.

„ „ my Cousin William Phillips, £600.

I give £600 in trust for the use of the children of Nicholas James, by my niece Jane James, deceased.

I give to my cousin Jane Pain £15 p.a. for life.

„ „ „ Mary Moody £10 p.a. for life.

I give to my Nephew Silvanus Bevan £1,000, when attaining the age of twenty-three.

I give to my nephew Timothy Paul Bevan £1,000, when attaining the age of twenty-three.

I give to my niece Priscilla Gurney £100 as a token of my love for her, she being settled in affluence.

- I give to my nephew Joseph Gurney Bevan £100, and declare my reason for giving him no more is, that he will be entitled to his Mother's fortune at her death.
- I give to my Brother Paul Bevan £3,000, of which £1,000 is to be in trust for his son Silvanus, the remaining £2,000 to be divided amongst his other children.
- I give £50 in trust to my Brother Paul Bevan for my Cousin Richard Dalton.
- I give £50 in trust to my Sister Priscilla Inman for Love Bevan.
- I give to my cousin Sarah Bevan £10 p.a. for life.
- I give £20 to the poor of Swansea, who do not receive alms of the Parish, to be distributed by my brother Paul Bevan.
- I give all the Residue of my Estate to my Brother Timothy Bevan.
- I appoint as my Executors my Brothers Timothy and Paul Bevan.

SILVANUS BEVAN (*Signed*),

December 30, 1764.

Witnesses { Sarah Chambers.
 { Christopher Rawlins.
 { Laurence Cole.

The Will was proved June 14th, 1765.

NOTE III.

Will of Timothy Bevan (Folio "Norfolk" 323), 1786. Précis of Will, copied at Somerset House.

- I, *Timothy Bevan*, Citizen and Druggist of London, hereby declare that I have in my Lifetime given to each of my sons Silvanus and Joseph Gurney, the sum of £4,000 apiece.
- I give an annuity of £20 p.a. to Edmund Stevens.
- I desire my son Silvanus to pay the annuities of £60 p.a. arranged for by Silvanus Bevan, Senior, to his Sister Mary Padley, and his late sisters Rebecca Phillips and Susanah Bevan.
- I give £10 10s. to my Sister, Mary Padley, as a token of my love for her.
- I give £25 to the poor Friends of the Grace Church Street Meeting House.
- I give to my Sons Silvanus and Joseph Gurney all my Estates, etc. except the Estate at Penclawdd, Glamorgan, which is entailed on me in trust. [This Estate was sold by Timothy Bevan, in conjunction with his son Silvanus, on January 2nd, 1786.]

All the residue of my Estate to be divided between Silvanus Bevan and Joseph Gurney Bevan.

I appoint as my Executors, Silvanus Bevan, Joseph Gurney Bevan, and my cousin Richard Gurney.

(Signed) TIMOTHY BEVAN.

April 17th, 1784.

James Phillips
Paul Bevan
Benjamin Miller } Witnesses.

Codicil to Will of Timothy Bevan.

I give £5 in trust p.a. for my Kinswoman, Joanna Taverner, hoping my son, Silvanus will continue to her an annual gift of £5 5s.

I give to her daughter Anna Taverner, £5 p.a. for life.

I give to my nieces, Priscilla and Elizabeth Bevan, and my Nephew, Paul Bevan, £10 10s. each, as tokens of my love, they being amply provided for.

I give to each of my Grandchildren a Five Guinea piece, to whom I have not given one in my life time.

I give £5 5s. to each of the Children of my Nephew, William Padley.

I give £5 p.a. towards the Washing and Clothing of Edmund Stevens, to whom I give my old Clothes.

Bequests to Servants, etc.

(Signed) TIMOTHY BEVAN,

July 19, 1784.

The Will and Codicil were proved June 30th, 1786.

NOTE IV.

A Pedigree of the Children, Grandchildren and Great-grandchildren of Silvanus Bevan.

(1) DAVID BEVAN.

ROBERT COOPER LEE .. Sydney, Francis, Wilfred, Roland, Ashley, Hubert, Edwyn.

Alice Gosset, Edith Campbell, Millicent Hart-Dyke, Gladys, Gwendolen Bradshaw, Enid Sullivan, Nesta Webster.

RICHARD LEE Lambton, Alick, Eustace, David, Richard. Gertrude Jones-Mortimer, Laura Allix, Mildred, Ulrica.

BARCLAY (Rev.)	..	Claudius, Norman, Evelyn, Emily Colquhoun, Matilda Shepheard- Walwyn, Cecilia Bosanquet, Jessie, Agnes Naesmyth, Mary, Rachel, Mabel Watkins.
LOUISA BOSANQUET	..	Arthur, Percival, Theodore, Cecil, Gustavus. Clara Meyer, Emmeline Gibb, Adela.
FAVELL MORTIMER	..	died without issue.
FREDERICA STEPHENSON		died without issue.
FRANCES MORIER	..	Frederick, Basil. Louisa Bevan, Agneta Alington.

(2) HENRY BEVAN.

CAROLINE (Lady John Chichester)		died without issue.
LOUISA DEAN-PAUL	..	Edward, Francis.

(3) FREDERICK STEPHEN BEVAN (REV.).

Died without issue.

(4) CHARLES BEVAN.

CHARLES	Charles, Alfred, Frederick, Ernest, Arthur Cecil, Philip. Emma, Florence, Constance.
JAMES JOHNSTONE	..		James, Reginald, Neville. Arabel, Evelyn Jones, Catherine, Mabel Greaves.
BECKFORD	Algernon. Louisa, Ethel, Mary.
ALURED	died without issue.
LOUISA GALTON	..		John, Charles, Henry. Mary Kennaway.
MARY YARD	Thomas, Charles. Mary.

(5) GEORGE BEVAN (REV.).

GEORGE	George, Edward, Ernest, Frederick, Cyril, Hamilton, Archibald. Louisa, Alice Browne, Rachel Hoare, Janet Hake, Katherine.
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(6) ROBERT BEVAN.

WILLIAM	William, Gascoyne, Abraham, Eustace. Harriet Bishop, Emmeline, Cecilia Wilson, Caroline Cadge, Beatrice Kilner.
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FREDERICK	Francis, Frederick, Herbert, Constance, Margaret, Sylvia, Mabel, Rowena Rachel.
ROBERT.	died without issue.
MARY ISAACSON	Charles, Henry, Stuteville, Percy, Francis. Mary.
LUCY HULL	John, Charles, Robert. Lucy Barber, Sarah Powell, Frances, Eliza Moorsom.
FRANCES KITCHING	died without issue.
RACHEL BEVAN	married her cousin, George Bevan (5) (twelve children).
SOPHIA FEILD	died without issue.
ANNE SLATER	Mary Neville, Margaret Hammond, Mabel Lassetter, Adelaide.

(7) RICHARD BEVAN.

RICHARD	Richard, Launcelot, Robert, Herbert. Laura Owen, Edith.
THEODOSIA PYPER	Joseph, Frederick, Richard, Ernest. Anne, Catherine.
ELIZABETH OLDFIELD	Christopher, Richard. Dora Robinson, Elizabeth, Agnes, Alice Bevan, Margaret Davies.
CHARLOTTE BOSANQUET			Augustus, Eugene, Louis, Herbert.

This Pedigree is believed to be correct, but complete accuracy cannot be guaranteed.

Daughters are shown with their married surnames.

Children who died as infants are omitted.

NOTE V.

The Précis of the Will of Robert Cooper Lee, of 30, Bedford Square.

I give to my wife Priscilla Lee, all Plate, Liquors, Horses, Household Furniture, etc. ; I also give to her the sum of £300, and a yearly annuity of £500.

I give to my daughter Frances Lee the sum of £2,000, and the interest on £3,000. Also the sum of £1,500, belonging to my daughter, now in my hands.

I give to my son Robert the sum of £4,000, and on his Mother's death a further sum of £1,000.

I give to my son Richard the sum of £4,000, and on his Mother's death a further sum of £1,000.

- I give to my son Matthew Allen the sum of £3,000, and on his Mother's death a further sum of £1,000.
- I give to my son Scudamore Cooper (now at Winchester School) and a minor, when of age, £3,000, and at his Mother's death a further sum of £1,000.
- I give to my daughter Favell Bourke (now at school at Miss Olier's, Bloomsbury Square) when she attains the age of 21, or marries, the sum of £2,000, and the interest on £3,000.
- I give after my decease unto my son Robert Lee, and my daughter Frances, and my other children successively, the Farms, Lands, etc., called Old Billfield and [Dole ?] situate in the County of Hertford, formerly the Estate of my late worthy friend, Scudamore Winde, Esq., deceased.
- I bequeath to my Nephews William Robert Lee and Captain John Lee, the sum of £100 apiece.
- I bequeath unto my niece, Mary Charlotte Parmenter (the Wife of Mr. Isaac Parmenter), the yearly sum of £30 for life.
- I give and bequeath unto my niece, Frances Morley, the yearly sum of £30 for life.
- I bequeath unto my cousin, Mrs. Sophia Sayer, of St. Albans, the sum of £50.
- I bequeath to my friends, Mrs. Mary Powell Royall, and John Allen Robert Home Gordon, and Charles Causter, Esq., the sum of Twenty Guineas each for Rings.
- To my Clerk, Mr. James Bowes, the sum of Fifty Guineas.
- Unto Elizabeth Harrison, who has lived in my Family for many years, the yearly sum of £20.
- To my son Richard Lee, and John Allen, all Plantations, Lands, Slaves in the Island of Jamaica, to hold upon trust for their Heirs, etc., to pay my several Annuities, legacies or just debts.

(Signed) ROBERT COOPER LEE,

April 13, 1793.

NOTE VI.

Agneta. This name constantly appears in Domesday Book, and may have been a Latin form of Agnes.

Lady Agneta Bevan derived it from her grandmother, Hon. Mrs. Charles Yorke (*née* Johnson), who again received it in compliment to grandmother, Mrs. William Johnson (*née* Baron). Her father, Captain Hartgill Baron, lived during the reign of Charles II, and was "Clerke of Ye Privy Seale, and Comptroller of H.M. Works, within the Castle and Forest of Windsor."

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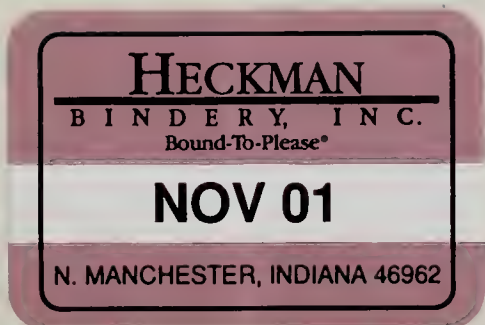
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